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from Washington

NIT-ing for a Living

The negative income tax alarms traditionalists. This is the system whereby the government pays out cash to families in proportion to the degree by which their income falls below an arbitrary poverty line. On the other hand, many people applaud the negative income tax when paid to farmers (usually the wealthiest) for not producing crops. It is reasonable to call it negative income tax (NIT for short) because it is paid for a negation, not growing something, and what could be more negative than that? Last year $3.3 billion were distributed in direct price-support payments to keep up farm prices.

Many of us feel strongly that it would be wrong to offer income maintenance to the poor, simply for being poor, because that would be socialism, communism or god-knows-what. But farm payments are different, they reward initiative and enterprise: the more you don't grow the more NIT you get; in order not to grow a lot you have to have a big plantation to start with. Obviously you have to have a lot of initiative to have a big enough plantation not to grow anything on. It all squares with the Puritan ethic.

It is a great experience to go to a county actively engaged in not growing anything. There is apt to be some unemployment because fewer field hands are needed and the improvident who have not set aside a reserve for a rainy day and who have lost jobs picking cotton, say, must take the consequences. To tell the truth, some may be hungry, and have worms, and live like animals without privies or running water or the amenities that more affluent and far-seeing people have.

Opponents of income maintenance for the poor are not against all federal intervention; they only ask that Washington not reward laziness and profligacy. It is widely held that federal funds are well spent that come to people who participate in price maintenance and keep their acres off the market; it takes planning to do that.

Some US counties that get millions in farm payments remain outside the federal food stamp and commodity programs for the poor. About 400 counties are not now participating. For example, Lynn County, Texas, got $1,189,325 last year in support payments to 31 farmers, but the officials did not institute food programs for the poor. These generally tend to be blacks, Mexican-Americans and the like, while the people who get NIT handouts are Grow-nothing Entrepreneurs.

At first it would seem unwise, or even ungenerous, for a county that gets NIT for landowners not to undertake food programs for the poor. But there is that Puritan ethic again. Should Society encourage laziness? Of course not. Rather it should spur the poor, by a little hardship to better their lot.

Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) inserted in the *Congressional Record*, May 12 and May 26, a list of every farmer and farm corporation receiving over $20,000 a year in federal payments. He named the county, whether it accepts food programs, and the number of poor people. It is interesting to study these listings with quotations garnered by the Citizens Board of Inquiry into Hunger in 1968.

"How many meals a day do you feed the children?" a mother in South Carolina was asked.

"Two, if I got it, but if I don't have it, I don't give 'em any."

"But two normally?'

"Uh-huh."

"And if you don't have enough food, just one?"

"That's right."

"Do they ever tell you they're hungry?"

"They tell me they're hungry all the time. Sometimes they cry."

(The Findley list shows that the J. G. Boswell Co. of California got $3 million in farm payments last year. Giffen, Inc., of California, got $2.8 million.)

"No fresh milk?" A Mississippi mother was asked.

"No, sir."

"No milk for the children?"

"No, sir."

"Do they get milk? The small ones?"

"No."

"No milk at all?"

"No. Ain't no one of them has milk every day. They lucky to have it twice a month."

(Sen. James Eastland of Sunflower County, Miss., received $116,987 in farm payments last year.)

Situations like this prompted the House of Representatives, May 27, to vote 224-142, to limit annual farm payments to any given recipient, to $20,000. A similar revolt last year was turned back in the Senate. Now again, last week, the Senate voted to scrap the House $20,000 limitation, but it voted to double funds for the food stamp programs. (Recent official figures show that in the average county only one in five poor people benefit by the government's two major food programs.) How Congress will ultimately vote on the $20,000 limit nobody knows, though many suspect that the well-to-do will continue to get their NIT; the poor won't.

Chemically Pure

The other day we asked our favorite mad scientist, Dr. Mene T. Upharsin, what he thought of the Rhine fish-kill – where a mysterious poison liquidated (if that is the word) all the fish for a hundred miles. Dr. Upharsin advocates chemical and biological warfare (CBW) over ABM's which, he feels, would destroy art masterpieces, GM plants and, indeed, whole cities. On the contrary, CBW, with which the Pentagon is experimenting, leaves Man's artifacts intact (save, of course, for inevitable depreciation in a poisoned city due to absence of attendants and supervisors).

"Not a barge damaged!" exclaimed Dr. Upharsin enthusiastically. "Not a wharf injured. Factories unscathed." We thought this over. "But the *fish*," we objected. "Tens of thousands – as though done by nerve gas." Dr. Upharsin shrugged. "Oh, those," he said indifferently. "I regard this as an elegant demonstration of CBW potential whether against fish or man. Insecticide or nerve gas – not a sewage plant damaged! As to the body count, you always have detritus in war. My dear fellow, let's try to be sane about such things."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Volume 161, Number 1, Issue 2845, July 5, 1969. Published weekly (48 issues a year) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1969 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

Contents

5-10 Comment:
Bugging "Subversives," Paying for the War, Boredom in Perpetuity?, Unit Prices, Plain in Spain

10 Nixon Bounces Back – *John Osborne*

11 Parting of the Ways for SDS – *Barry Kalb*

13 Tune in on Life with Charlie – *Anthony Howard*

14 When's It Going to Be Ladies' Day? – *Paula Stern*

16 Sun Up in Asia – *Alex Campbell*

19 The Job on the Job Corps – *Colman McCarthy*

21 The Presidio "Mutiny" – *Peter Barnes*

26 Books – Reviews by *Alexander M. Bickel, James Finn*

Poems
27 *Harold Bond*
28 *Kenneth Burke*

31 Correspondence

The Staff

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Bugging "Subversives"

Bugs and wiretaps are popping out all over. The FBI tapped the late Martin Luther King's phone. Agents so testified in the draft evasion trial of Cassius Clay, whose entirely innocuous conversations with Dr. King were overheard. The FBI tapped and bugged the phones and premises of one Simone DeCavalcante of Princeton Township, New Jersey, who allegedly heads a Mafia family in his part of the country, and of a number of people he did business with. So the United States Attorney in New Jersey, who is prosecuting DeCavalcante, admitted in response in an inquiry from defense counsel, and promptly proceeded to make public thousands of pages of transcript. In Chicago, where the government is prosecuting David Dellinger, Rennard Davis, Tom Hayden and others for inciting to riot at the Democratic Convention last summer, Attorney General Mitchell submitted an affidavit to a federal judge disclosing that conversations of a number of the defendants had been electronically overheard. The government is telling federal judges about its taps and bugs, and often handing over transcripts to defendants, because the Supreme Court has said it must – although the Supreme Court did not require anyone to hand over transcripts to the press, as the United States Attorney in New Jersey has inexcusably done; indeed in Chicago, in the Dellinger case, the government requested the federal district court to forbid disclosure to anyone but the defendants of any transcripts the government might produce, since "the unauthorized dissemination of facts relating to these surveillances could prejudice the national interest *and the rights of third parties.*" (Italics supplied.)

In 1928, over a memorable dissent by Brandeis, the Supreme Court held that wiretapping does not violate the Fourth Amendment's prohibition of unreasonable searches and seizures. ("The progress of science in furnishing the government with means of espionage," Brandeis warned, "is not likely to stop with wire-tapping.") But six years later, in the Federal Communications Act, Congress said "no person" may "intercept any communication and divulge [it] . . . to anyone." In view of this statute, the Supreme Court held that wiretap evidence was inadmissible in evidence in federal courts. Nevertheless, the FBI tapped, and a succession of Presidents and Attorneys General authorized it to do so. And soon enough, as Brandeis fore-

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saw, electronic eavesdropping was added. The states also tapped, and until the Supreme Court reversed itself last year were even free to use wiretap evidence in their own courts.

From FDR and Robert H. Jackson on, Presidents and Attorneys General have offered a two-fold defense of their tapping and, later, eavesdropping. The Federal Communications Act made it unlawful, it was said, to "intercept . . . and divulge," but not to intercept without divulging, and the FBI did not divulge, since it was not allowed to use its interceptions in court. Secondly, it was argued, constitutional authority inhered in the office of the President to tap and eavesdrop in cases involving the national security. Various phrases – all falling short of exquisite precision – were used to define that inherent authority. Roosevelt in 1940 spoke of "grave matters involving the defense of the nation," of "sabotage," "assassinations," the "propaganda of so-called 'fifth columns,'" and settled on the formula, "subversive activities." Harry Truman approved a memorandum from Attorney General Tom C. Clark which translated "subversive activities" into "domestic security," and suggested that tapping be allowed also in ordinary criminal cases "where human life is in jeopardy." Lyndon Johnson, in June, 1965, forbade tapping except "in connection with investigations related to the national security," but he was altogether vague about eavedropping, simply putting it under the control of the Attorney General. The surveillance of Martin Luther King tells quite a tale of the loose constructions that can be given to "subversive-activities" and "domestic-security" formulas. Beyond that, the De-Cavalcante case showed that while the FBI was supposedly restricted to tapping only in so-called "subversive" or "security" cases, and from 1946 to 1965, "where human life is in jeopardy," it actually tapped and bugged much more widely than that – always, says the FBI, with permission of the Attorney General.

Meanwhile, in the last few years, the law has been changing. Overruling its 1928 decision, the Supreme Court has held that wiretapping and eavesdropping without a warrant obtained from a judge or magistrate does violate the Fourth Amendment. Congress, in the Crime Control Act of 1968, abandoned its ineffective prohibition of all wiretapping written into the Federal Communications Act, permitted wiretapping and eavesdropping with a warrant in a broad range of cases, and without a warrant under emergency conditions for 48 hours, and prescribed procedures for obtaining a warrant. Then, this past March, the Supreme Court ruled that the government must, on the request of a defendant, turn over to the trial judge any transcript it has of eavesdropping or wiretapping on premises owned or occupied by the defendant, or any other record of private conversations to which the defendant was a party. If the tapping or eavesdropping that produced these records was illegal, the judge is to hand them over to the defendant. The transcripts cannot be used as evidence, but it may turn out that evidence the government does use derives, however remotely, from the illegal tapping or eavesdropping, in which event the defendant can successfully object to its introduction. And he cannot know whether to object unless he sees the transcripts.

When the March decision was first announced, the Justice Department cried out in pain and alarm. Routine surveillance conducted for national security reasons – at foreign embassies, for example – would now have to be publicly revealed in connection with many an unrelated criminal prosecuition, said the government. Examining such records would prove of no use to defendants, yet they would surely ask for them, and the government would be put to the senseless choice of dropping perfectly good prosecutions or compromising its intelligence operations. The Court soon reassured the government, Justice Stewart going rather tartly out of his way to suggest that the alarm was premature, if not false. Only the product of *illegal* electronic surveillance had to be disclosed outside the privacy of the trial judge's chambers, and it was an open question, which the Court had not decided, whether national-security surveillance, undertaken on the President's authority, was illegal.

Thus, the present position is that if the defendant requests it, the government must tell the trial judge that it has overheard some conversations, if it has. It must hand over the transcripts, if they were obtained by illegal tapping or bugging, which in New Jersey it did with a vengeance. But it may argue that the tapping or bugging was not illegal, and that the transcripts should remain secret, which apparently it omitted to do with the Cassius Clay-Martin Luther King transcripts, but which it is doing in the Dellinger case in Chicago.

The Justice Department's contention in the Dellinger case is based on a very, very broad concept of national security. The President, it says, has inherent constitutional power to authorize the Attorney General to conduct, without a warrant, "surveillance designed to gather foreign intelligence information, which term we use to include the gathering of information necessary for the conduct of international affairs and for the protection of national defense secrets and installations from foreign espionage and sabotage." And the President equally has power, the Department's brief goes on, to authorize the Attorney General to conduct, without a warrant, "surveillances designed to gather intelligence information deemed necessary to protect the nation from attempts of domestic organizations to use unlawful means to attack and subvert the existing structure of the government."

The first wisdom in assessing this breathtaking claim by the Department is that, repulsive as elec-

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tronic surveillance surely is, there is no real basis in our Constitution or in the rest of our legal tradition for a doctrine forbidding all of it, lock, stock and barrel. Physical searches of one's home and person are also repulsive; yet we permit them with a warrant, and in some circumstances without one. And while electronic surveillance is more indiscriminate and in a sense more intrusive than a physical search, it is sometimes necessary: electronic technology and the telephone can be used to make a dangerous criminal enterprise more effective, and can even be essential to it. The question is not whether there's to be tapping and bugging, but when and under what safeguards.

With respect to gathering foreign intelligence information, the government maintains that it cannot always bring to the attention of a judge, who would decide whether or not to grant a warrant for electronic surveillance, all the relevant facts and considerations; and even if it did, "a judge's experience in assessing 'probable cause' [the basis on which a warrant is issued] in the context of a criminal proceeding is of no value in determining the reasonableness of instituting or maintaining a surveillance designed to obtain foreign intelligence information." The point has force. If a warrant were required, it would very likely prove a mere formality. Better to leave the responsibility squarely on the President and his subordinate, the Attorney General – certainly better than to go through the motions of a sham proceeding in a judge's chambers.

Domestically, however, the matter is quite otherwise. First of all, the danger to the rights of the individual are infinitely greater. "Foreign intelligence," "international affairs," "national defense secrets," "foreign espionage and sabotage" – these are terms that in some measure define themselves. But "attempts of domestic organizations to use unlawful means to attack and subvert the existing structure of the government" – the Justice Department's phrase for describing the other occasions on which it believes the President should be able to order tapping and bugging on his own authority – is a frighteningly open-ended formula, which in times of deep political division, of change, of high emotion and high rhetoric, would deliver the privacy of virtually all of us to the discretion of the Attorney General of the day, who may or may not have steady nerves. Robert Kennedy evidently authorized tapping the phone of Martin Luther King, because it was urged on him, no doubt, that either King himself, or more likely people he was in contact with, intended to subvert and perhaps to attack "the existing structure of government." Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark states that J. Edgar Hoover continually pressed for resumption of the King tap, which tends to corroborate the view that the initiative was Hoover's. Still, Robert Kennedy made a mistake. The reasoning that led to tapping the phone of a political leader like King could as easly have led in 1968 to surveillance of Senator Eugene McCarthy and of Robert Kennedy himself. Kennedy, for example, is known to have had one fairly long conversation with Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden.

There is no end to this sort of thing. The Justice Department speaks of organizations using unlawful means, and elsewhere in its Chicago brief, it refers to riots. There is no reason – none comparable to the reasons adduced in foreign-intelligence cases – why such information cannot be put before a judge, and why the judge is unfit to assess it, to decide whether there is probable cause to believe that an unlawful act has been or is about to be committed by a named person or organization, and if so, to grant a warrant authorizing electronic surveillance for a definite period of time. Faced with riots and subversion, says the Department, "any President who takes seriously his oath to 'preserve, protect and defend the Constitution' will no doubt determine that it is not 'unreasonable' to utilize electronic surveillance to gather intelligence information concerning those organizations which are committed to the use of illegal methods to bring about changes in our form of government and which may be seeking to foment violent disorders." Taking his oath seriously, a President may also wish to arrest people on his own authority, or seize their megaphones

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"I trust you'll only be using this stuff in the interest of national security, mister . . ."

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and mimeograph machines. But he may not do that, unless he puts the country under martial law, which he also may not do at will. He may wish to gather intelligence about subverters and rioters by searching their premises, but he may not do so without a warrant, which means he may do so only if he can show probable cause that an unlawful act has been committed or is about to be committed. The gathering of electronic intelligence should be similarly possible, but it should be similarly restricted. Electronic surveillance is now allowed under the Crime Control Act of 1968 in cases, among many – too many – others, of espionage, sabotage, treason and riot, but it is restricted by the requirement of a warrant, except in emergencies (including emergencies created by "conspiratorial activities threatening the national security interest"), when there may be electronic surveillance without a warrant for 48 hours. The Crime Control Act makes obeisance to "the constitutional power of the President . . . to protect the Nation." It describes this power, however, more narrowly than does the Justice Department, and it does not, in any event, authoritatively answer the question of the extent, if any, to which the power may be exercised domestically, free of the safeguard of a warrant issued on probable cause.

The answer to that question will come, eventually, from the Supreme Court. The Court should pursue first, however, a preliminary inquiry, the result of which may in itself defeat the Justice Department's broad claims, unless the President backs them up with a fresh executive order. For the existing Presidential directives are, as we have seen, vague; as they touch on domestic subversion, vague to the point of vacuousness. Even if the President has all the power the Justice Department now claims for him, he must exercise it in a directive that gives some understandable guidelines to his subordinates. The President may delegate some of his power – obviously he must – but he cannot delegate his responsibility, and that means that power delegated to subordinates must be chanelled and defined by appropriate directives. And even if properly delegated, no untramelled executive power to eavesdrop domestically, without a warrant, in matters not involving foreign intelligence should be tolerated.

Paying for the War

There are various ways of adding up the Vietnam bill: 36,378 American dead and 233,203 wounded; $108 billion in federal monies over the last five years; starved public services; a divided US – and soaring prices. Rapidly rising prices began only after the war got out of hand and LBJ and Co. hid its costs, insisting we could have both guns and butter. We have guns and butter, only the latter costs about 85 cents a pound today, a nickel more than six months ago. "Historically," Du Pont economist Charles B. Reeder told a US Chamber of Commerce business outlook meeting, "periods of rapidly rising prices have been associated with inflationary financing of wars." So add to the price of Vietnam all those extra nickels, dimes and bills left with the grocer, the repair man, the auto salesman and the banker.

The surtax, which Congress seems about to extend, costs the average family $2 a week. That's peanuts compared with the added costs of financing a house. Two years ago, a man could get a $25,000 mortgage at six percent and for 30 years (not an unusual time period for a GI or FHA-financed deal), and it would cost him $28,960 in interest over those 30 years. Today, he probably would have to pay at least seven and one-half percent; the interest would run him $37,-964. The Bureau of Labor statistics reports that inflation is moving up faster than income; an industrial worker with wife and two kids, in April had $2 a week less real purchasing power than he had last fall.

Some economists are saying that even if the Nixon anti-inflation clamp takes hold in the next few months prices will continue higher, probably at five percent or so through 1970. That is because in the ups and downs of the business cycle, retail prices lag behind: they don't move up until the superboom is under way and don't come down until the superboom cools off. A few more daring economists are suggesting (cautioning is a better word) that the President's surtax extension and budget restrictions won't turn off inflation; only a recession will.

In the last year, the biggest climbers have been in foods. First National City Bank puts it neatly: since 1966, "in varying degrees, inflation is affecting us from the cradle (fees for obstetrical cases are up 21 percent and baby sitter fees up 22 percent) to the grave (funeral services up 10 percent); at home (home ownership costs up 17 percent) or out on the town (restaurant meals up 17 percent and movie admissions up 27 percent), and in sickness (doctors' fees up 21 percent) and in health (golf balls up five percent and fishing rods up 15 percent)."

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Boredom in Perpetuity?

When the Federal Communications Commission awarded the license of Boston's WHDH-TV to a competitor, it shook the industry. Congress, said the National Association of Broadcasters, should forthwith prohibit the FCC from allowing a competing application for a station license, unless the original holder was found to be acting contrary to the public interest. To which *The New York Times* responded: "An analogous change in the election laws . . . would mean that no one could run for public office until the incumbent had been impeached."

Senator John O. Pastore (D., R.I.) chairman of the State Communications Subcommittee, who has conducted hearings on the pernicious effect on viewers of sex and violence on the home screen, found himself in sympathy with the NAB. He obligingly introduced a bill (S. 2004) to amend the Communications Act so as to make it virtually impossible for a competing group to challenge a present holder of a broadcasting license. That bill now has 18 co-sponsors in the Senate; 56 similar bills have been introduced in the House. It's a scandal.

The express purpose of the Communications Act is to make the best use of scarce broadcast channels by selecting the licensees who will best serve the public interest. That is why, in theory, licenses are granted for only three years – and not in perpetuity to giant communications corporations which latched onto desirable channels during the past two decades. A broadcaster presumably must meet the same standards on renewal as those for which he was granted a license in the first place – a point to which the FCC's attention was again called last week by Warren E. Burger in one of his last opinions as judge of the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. Judge (now Chief Justice) Burger withdrew the renewal of a license the Commission had awarded WLBT-TV in Jackson, Mississippi (it had been accused of racial discrimination in programming) and instructed the FCC to invite new applicants. The Commission examiner had shown, Judge Burger said, a "curious neutrality-in-favor-of-the-licensee."

For two decades, the FCC automatically renewed the license of *The New York Daily News*' WPIX-TV. It did it again recently – and then, under pressure, reversed itself in the face of charges that WPIX presented "distorted news." The accusation was made in a formal complaint by Forum Communications, a group of businessmen and community leaders whose competing application the FCC had elected not even to study. A story in *Variety* last January said that the station was allegedly using old films to illustrate current news; Walter Engels, the station's news manager, admitted to some of the "abuses" (crowd scenes of Budapest identified as Prague). The station's president, Fred Thrower, later said that the charges were "entirely baseless." The FCC intends to investigate further. If the renewal is finally denied WPIX-TV – a station whose schedule consists almost exclusively of old movies and syndicated reruns with a minimum of news – it will be somewhat like the government finally getting Al Capone for income tax evasion.

An individual license at stake sends shudders through the broadcasting fraternity, for if licenses are "put up for grabs" every three years the huge and spiralling prices brought by the sale of stations will belong to the past. The multi-million dollar sums paid for stations are not for plant and equipment but for the control of a priceless facility – the channel. Broadcasters do not like to be told, as they were by Judge Burger, that they "are temporary permitees – fiduciaries – of a great public resource, and they must meet the highest standards which are embraced in the public-interest concept."

Television needs new voices, more creativity, greater diversity in order to refresh this bored society. Congress, however, is disposed to buy broadcasters' contention that all's well and no newcomers need apply.

Unit Prices

The general idea behind the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act (FPLA), passed in 1966, was that it would help shoppers tell more about a book from the cover. Congress' intention was honorable; nevertheless, it is nearly as hard today to make intelligent comparisons of the worth of what you're buying as it was before. For example, the Act requires that on the bottom 30 percent of a label, quantity be stated in pounds (or pints) and ounces. The shopper must still divide pounds and ounces by price in making accurate value comparisons; and that's perplexing if you're buying something like pancake mix, which sells at more than 20 different prices for the same amount, packaged in a variety of different ways. These mental gymnastics would be unnecessary if the price per unit (pounds, ounces) were stated on the label of all commodities, as would be required by a bill (S. 1424) introduced by Senator Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.). Retailers object that such unit marking would be onerous, but the price of fresh meat is marked per pound, and no one has been unduly inconvenienced.

More discriminating choices by consumers would be enhanced also by a compulsory grade-labeling system for inexpensive and simple commodities. The best known example is the voluntary grading of beef into quality grades (e.g., "prime" and "choice") by the United States Department of Agriculture. The Depart-

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ment has adopted voluntary grade standards for a number of other products, but they are not widely used at the retail level. There's no good reason why they should not be. The United States lags behind Canada, which has a well established system of compulsory grade labeling for many agricultural commodities. Industry is against it, of course, for it knows that grade labeling would weaken the national brands' position of quasi-monopoly, often achieved by advertising quality differences that are purely imaginary.

Plain in Spain

Because it has a hangup about obsolete military bases abroad, the US retains irksome ties with two dingy dictatorships at either end of the Mediterranean. These bonds chafe Congress and should. The disgraceful Greek junta is getting perhaps $70 million of military aid a year – Washington is so ashamed of its subsidy to the usurping colonels it says the amount is "classified". The arms this buys are supposed to be for NATO, yet everyone knows Greece under its present government is a NATO handicap. So would Spain be, if the other NATO countries admitted Spain under Franco. Their refusal riles the new American Ambassador to Madrid, Robert C. Hill, who said June 17 it was US policy to admit Spain, and added: "I hope that neighboring countries [to Spain] which received so much help both before and since the war, will one day get the idea." The State Department professed "complete surprise" over Mr. Hill's remarks, but only three days later concluded an agreement to continue using Spanish bases, at a price of $50 million of arms, and $35 million more in credit, for 15 months. For what purpose, nobody can clearly explain. The Franco government is in trouble that will probably get worse, a subject on which the Spanish Information Minister (who also wears the Tourism hat) was startlingly candid at a recent lunch in Indianapolis. Señor Fraga Iribarne admitted people are saying that the bases in Spain might involve the Americans in defending "the Spanish political regime against eventual outside enemies and, what is worse, against its own internal enemies, if the latter should one day rise up against it. . . ." He wanted to assure them that "if a revolution should break out in Spain . . . there is no reason why American soldiers . . . should take part in the struggle either in favor of the revolutionaries or in favor of the government."

In the event of another Spanish Civil War, American soldiers maybe could sit "within the confines of their bases" ignoring the whole thing, as Señor Fraga Iribarne says. But the plain course would be to get those 10,000 Americans out now, while there's time.

Nixon Bounces Back

The study of Richard Nixon, an exercise to which I have devoted most of my time since last September, requires a steadfast clinging to the fact that he is human. That is not easy. Most of the people who work for him at the White House do their witless best to conceal the fact, making him out to be a President who never – but *never* – succumbs to the pressures of the office and who in all other conceivable ways is without fault or foible. For example, I set out recently to test the supposition that five months, now going on six, in the Presidency must have worked some changes in Mr. Nixon, in his approach to the job and in his ways of dealing with it and with those who help him in it. The answer I got, with an exception to be noted below, was that the Presidency has had no discernible and material effect of any kind upon Mr. Nixon. He may be a bit more assured, "more formidable" as one of his assistants put it. But in his calm mastery of himself and of his job, in his capacity for deliberate order, in his refusal to be ruffled by the criticism and mishaps that so far have come his way, he is said to be unchanged in any substantial respect from the man who called his first Cabinet meeting to order on January 21.

The exception proves the point of this brief analysis of Mr. Nixon as he has revealed himself in two recent episodes. I was told, and was astonished at being told within the disciplined precincts of the Nixon White House, that the President fell, some weeks ago, into a passing phase of extreme frustration. "Depression," it was said, would be too strong a word for the mood that he then exhibited. But it was enough to trouble and temporarily dismay the few assistants who observed it. The domestic (not foreign) problems of the economy, of the cities, of the campuses, the actual and latent turmoil at home, seemed for a time to have overwhelmed Mr. Nixon and to have robbed him of his habitual confidence that any problem that has to be solved can be solved. The responses of the major departments and agencies to his early demands for recommended solutions, and the ideas presented to him by his own assistants suddenly seemed to him to be impossibly inadequate. They induced a feeling, not that the people concerned were inadequate, but that the problems themselves were beyond real solution. It was at about this time that the President's habit of withdrawal for hours of lone cogitation began to be emphasized in the press. It was at this time, too, that he had to announce that some of his early promises of a new poverty program, a new welfare policy and the like had been premature and that they would take more time than he had thought they would. But there was no hint, public or private, that the difficulties suggested by these and similar admissions had affected the President himself. For the most part, there still

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isn't. Instead there is denial that Mr. Nixon went through and has now emerged from any such phase. I am convinced that he did, and that in the soothful atmosphere of the Nixon White House most of the people who surround him never noticed it.

The point is simply that President Nixon is not – he couldn't be – the inhumanly calm and implacably ordered figure that his entourage not only depicts but seems actually to believe him to be. For what used to be called "the real Nixon," the man in the Presidency, the observer must look beyond the people around him to the man himself and to the glimpses of the true Nixon self that he occasionally provides. This he did, it seems to me, in his speech at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs on June 4, in his sixth press conference in Washington on June 19, and in his known behavior before and after both those events.

The Colorado speech was the one in which, in the course of a presentable argument for maintaining "the American role in the world" and the military strength associated with it, Mr. Nixon let himself go with a sneer at "the so-called best circles in America" and with the inclusive suggestion that critics of his conception of the role are "new isolationists" who consider "patriotism . . . to be a backward fetish of the uneducated and the unsophisticated." He gave himself and his targets an out: he didn't mean *all* of the critics, naming none. Here, in these parts of the speech, was Nixon at his familiar but recently obscured worst. Here, too, was Nixon precisely as he intended to present himself. He had rehearsed the essence of the speech at a Cabinet meeting, to unanimous applause, and had tried out hunks of it in informal and unnoticed remarks on Armed Forces Day. His staff testified that it was "pure Nixon," originally framed by him and finally revised and polished by him on the night before he delivered it. Afterward, during a two-day interlude in California before he went to Midway Island, he was in unusually high spirits. He was pleased with the speech, with the reaction to it, and with himself. He refused to join his assistants in the anxious postmortems, indicating to them that they were wasting their time and asking him to waste his on idle concern for the adverse reaction.

The June 19 press conference was the occasion for a performance that the press generally took to constitute his first serious blunder and, what was worse, a blunder committed in pique at former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford. In a magazine article quoted in the newspapers that morning, Clifford had topped Nixon's Midway announcement of the beginning of troop withdrawals from Vietnam with the suggestion that the President commit himself to pulling out some 100,000 men this year and to completing the withdrawal of all ground combat troops by the end of next year. Mr. Nixon let himself go again, sneering that Clifford in office "did not move" to accomplish what he now proposed and twice venting a hope that this Administration would "beat Mr. Clifford's time table." It was a nasty and, on its face, intemperate reaction that could, as subordinate spokesmen seemed to feel afterward, impair the Paris negotiations. The point of interest here is that Mr. Nixon never spent a calmer day than the one that preceded his evening press conference. He knew of the Clifford article well before the news of it appeared that morning. He passed the day alone in his Lincoln Study at the Presidential Mansion, consulting others by telephone about what he might be asked and what he should say that night, poring over a few staff memos on the same subject, but in the main preparing himself without assistance. Afterward, he darted off to the last innings of a local ball game. The next morning, obviously exhilarated, he took his Irish setter for an unusual walk through the White House grounds and offices, popped in on a staff meeting where he was observed to be "in a wonderful mood," and through the subsequent days showed not the slightest concern for the widespread judgment that he had, as Senator Mansfield put it, momentarily and perhaps harmfully "blown his cool."

A reasonable conclusion to be drawn is that Nixon, like other men, needs to be himself from time to time. Not the whole self, of course, but the meaner self that he has been in the past and will be again, in the Presidency. I suggest that it's a form of therapy, good for him if not always good for the country.

John Osborne

Parting of the Ways for SDS

Chicago

The divorce is final. The "regulars" (National Office group) of the Students for a Democratic Society last week informed the Progressive Laborites that they were no longer members of the family. Each party thereupon elected a slate of officers; each called itself "the real SDS." But the regulars retain control of the steel-doored national headquarters on West Madison Street, along with the files and funds, and *New Left Notes* – the SDS journal.

There will be plenty of PL-oriented action on the campuses this fall, nevertheless, since many local chapters are dominated by the Worker-Student Alliance, PL's campus arm. And SDS, unlike the Democratic National Committee, bases its actions on the will of the local "people," rather than on top commands.

We reporters who stood outside the Coliseum had a chance to view first-hand a bit of what SDS was

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talking about at its national convention here. A small squad of plainclothes policemen trying to look like news photographers (a couple forgot to take off their patrolmen's shoes) stood by, snapping pictures of conventioneers and newsmen with a supreme lack of discrimination. Two movie cameras aimed at the entrance could be seen in the window of a vacant school building across the street.

Inside, the Progressive Laborites, with their philosophy of revolution of the international working class, were turning off the New Leftists. From PL's point of view, student anti-war and anti-draft demonstrations are "adventurous, diversionary and alienating to the working people," Ho Chi Minh has sold out the Vietnamese by negotiating with the US, Castro is "counter-revolutionary," the Black Panthers are "bourgeois nationalists."

For the rank-and-file radical, the revolution still begins at home, and the black struggle is still the cutting edge in the fight against American racism, capitalism and imperialism. They look upon Cuba, China and Vietnam (the NLF and Hanoi) as models for the revolution, although as Alan Young, one of the more lucid of the "regulars" says, "You don't get anywhere quoting from Lenin and Stalin and Mao. You have to talk from your own experience." Much of SDS's "own experience" is with the American university. Here, both factions agree with the proposition that appeared in a proposed PL resolution: "The basis of US colleges is to teach and research racism and imperialism. Fascist courses, cop institutes and counter-insurgency centers abound. Future teachers, social workers, etc., are taught to spread racism to the working class."

The difference between the two factions lies in the approach to a solution. PL states: "The influence of the university must be destroyed. We cannot do that by opportunistically building the student power illusion that we can reform the university into 'serving the people' under capitalism. That just gives a radical sounding cover for liberal politics."

The "regulars" (who bill themselves as the Revolutionary Youth Movement) see it another way: "SDS is, above all, a youth movement, and particularly a youth movement on college campuses. . . . [But] for all the talk of a 'student-worker alliance,' we have not even won over a substantial number of students, much less youth generally. In withdrawing into a hardening sectarian shell [PL's ideology], we will be well on the way toward losing whatever influence we have exercised in the past on campuses. . . ." Chapters "should try to deal with campus issues in all their forms, to carry on a struggle whose essential goal is to convert the campus into a liberated space for students and the community."

The most telling point is the cautionary note on "withdrawing into a hardening sectarian shell." For while the New Left theologians are getting older, the recruits are getting younger, and many of them are basically motivated by the humanitarian ideals set out in Tom Hayden's 1962 Port Huron Statement. They are not ideologues. This came through in discussions with younger radicals, who, asked to explain their respective revolutionary philosophies, could not work their way past a few generalized cliches. They are angry, sincere, willing to fight for what they believe, but the complex political and economic analyses set out by the leadership of the various factions (not everyone belongs to PL or RYM) are over their heads.

Most of these young activists are reacting to an incomprehensible war, pervasive racism, the frightening influence of the military-industrial complex, the way the police are allowed to beat and even shoot dissidents with impunity. A 20-year-old girl from the College of Marin, while purporting to explain the PL line, made this very point: "A lot of things have been coming down in this country that have pushed people towards a more radical position." Yet despite talk of the "international struggle against imperialism," and the dire warnings of the Senate Permanent Investigations subcommittee, these young people, to PL's dismay, are no more anti-American than Castro was anti-Cuban or the NLF is anti-Vietnamese. Rennie Davis, one of the early SDS organizers, remarked last January that, "a lot of people in the movement are still very much in the condition of caring about this country, but we feel alien from its leadership and its policies. Every time we get called un-American, it creates one more radical."

Some of the Old Guard are lamenting the fact that so many are being pushed into PL's ideological bag. One woman, who at the age of "almost 35" is a veteran of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, SNCC, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam and SDS, was almost crying as she sat in her hotel room and spoke of PL: "I wonder where the place for old revolutionaries is. There's so many, probably, who feel the same way I do. Right now, there's plenty of things to do. But can you tell me, if you were an activist, with lots of organizational experience, who you'd want to join?"

Some have decided not to join anyone. Disgusted with the rhetoric that at times threatened to smother the convention, the "anarchists, libertarians [and] independent revolutionaries" retreated to the IWW Hall on North Halstead Street. "Tired of people throwing red books at each other?" their flier asked. "Tired of the old rhetoric? Come breathe a breath of fresh rhetoric!" They weren't completely kidding. One man, mocking those still slugging it out in the convention hall, said: "Us anarchists have got to get organized."

Barry Kalb

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Plain Royalty

Tune in on Life with Charlie

London

Years ago in the age of steam radio there used to be a popular BBC serial called "Life with the Lyons." In the new era of color television it looks as if it could easily find its natural successor in "Life with the Windsors" – a warm, intimate account of the daily life of the British Royal Family. Whatever else it celebrates, the investiture of 20-year-old Prince Charles at Caernarvon Castle on July 1 has already marked a decisive change in the whole attitude and outlook of the British monarchy. Gone are the days when an austere remoteness, a certain aloof grandeur, even an air of mystery attached to the royal house. Today the Queen, her consort and their children seem already to have been cast as the principal characters in what promises to be the world's greatest soap opera. From the open landau and the wave-from-the-balcony to the breakfast cornflakes and the family barbecue is a long jump; but in an unprecedented 105-minute television documentary Queen Elizabeth II took her family over it at one leap.

It is no doubt strange that it should have taken the British monarchy so long to realize what human-interest television could do for it. But it is even odder that the discovery should have come about as a result of the Queen's stubborn determination to revive what even her husband (with characteristic bluntness) recently called "a virtually medieval ritual." From the beginning, the plan for the investiture of the present Prince of Wales at Caernarvon was widely criticized. Nationalist-minded Welsh leaders regarded the public presentation to the people of Wales of an English prince not as a compliment but as something closer to an insult; there were grumbles from ordinary taxpayers about the amount of public money involved – over half-a-million dollars was said to be too much to spend on a one-day carnival; even some of the monarchy's normally most loyal defenders wondered aloud about the wisdom of persisting with a ceremony that – however grand and imposing – would look out-of-date.

It is this last point that the palace – or its advisers – seem to have taken to heart: hence the June 21 ultra-modern television program designed, as it were, to balance the account. The wind of change was allowed to blow over even Caernarvon itself. The original idea was that Britain's hereditary Earl Marshal – the 61-year-old Duke of Norfolk – should be in sole charge of the investiture (just as he was of the crowning of the present Queen in 1953 and of the coronation of her father more than 30 years ago). The Duke of Norfolk is probably the greatest expert on protocol and formal ceremonial to be found outside the Vatican: he would, it has been justly said, be able to spot an improperly dressed Herald Extraordinary at a hundred yards' distance. But the Duke is not, and does not aspire to be, a member of the "with-it" brigade. The Queen's brother-in-law – the former photographer Tony Armstrong-Jones – by contrast delights in being "trendy." By a fortunate chance he also has Welsh family connections – reflected both in his title (the Earldom of Snowdon bestowed on him shortly after his marriage to Princess Margaret) and in his honorific post as Constable of Caernarvon Castle. It was not difficult, therefore, to inject him into the forward-planning.

The Duke of Norfolk, however, understandably did not much welcome the intrusion of an outsider into his own formerly exclusive province as royal impresario: it thus says something for Lord Snowdon's firmness and toughness that he should eventually have succeeded in getting his own ideas felt. The result was a ceremony which – even though it would not outrage the College Of Heralds – would also not alienate the followers of the Beatles.

The power struggle between the duke and the earl – a collision, as it were, between ancient and modern – can be exaggerated. But it does seem to symbolize another battle for change going on within the palace itself. When 17 years ago Queen Elizabeth II – as a young woman of 25 – first came to the throne she and her husband, the former Prince Philip of Greece, represented romance and glamor. But the mood of popular adulation, which initially led to the proclaiming of a Second Elizabethan Age, eventually turned sour. By the late 1950's the Queen was being publicly criticized by such figures as Malcolm Muggeridge and Lord Altrincham: the shock lay not so much in the individual criticisms as the public reaction to them. Newspaper letters and even polls showed that there were many who regarded the monarchy as a bulwark of social snobbery, as being out of touch with ordinary people, as badly needing to bring itself up to date.

The driving force behind the decision to "go modern" is generally said to have been Prince Philip, who has never tried to disguise his impatience with the stuffier restraints of tradition. But there is one other man who has been equally important. Two years ago a reigning British monarch for the first time in history acquired the services of a professional public relations man. The job of Palace Press Secretary, which for two decades had been in the hands of a former Royal Navy commander who even in retirement sternly upheld the traditions of the silent service, went instead to an energetic young Australian, William Heseltine. Mr. Heseltine – who could hold his own on Madison Avenue any day – had previously worked as public relations adviser to that perpetual Australian prime minister, Sir Robert Menzies; and it is the techniques and skills

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of political publicity that he has brought to the service of the palace.

Largely because of his skillful efforts in softening and preparing the market, even the Caernarvon investiture ceased to be an embarrassment and promised to be a striking tourist and export trade success. For the moment it is only the incurably old-fashioned who are muttering unhappily about the divinity that is supposed to hedge a king. But if the packaging of the royal product for the admass consumer continues at its present pace, the discomfited ranks of the traditionalists could conceivably prove to have had a point. The trouble with mystery is that, once gone, you can never get it back again.

Anthony Howard

When's It Going to Be Ladies' Day?

by Paula Stern

When WITCH (Women's International Conspiracy from Hell) donned black Halloween outfits to hex Mrs. Nixon in Portland, Oregon last month, it deserved other than a fashion note on the women's pages. For WITCH wants to change the sexual status quo. The Portland protest was related to a series of antics like the bra-burning that WITCH staged last September in Atlantic City at the Miss America contest. The object there was to dramatize its resentment of "the ideal woman."

WITCH is an arm of an amorphous group called Women's Liberation Movement. Since the WLM shuns organizational structures, it has made no definite tally of its sympathizers. No doubt there are fewer than shop at Gimbels on Thursdays, but one indication of its appeal to white, radical student-types and a sprinkling of suburbanites is that *No More Fun and Games: The Journal of Female Liberation* in less than a year has a mailing list of 1,500 women in every state and in Canada. In May, 600 New England females attended an unpublicized conference in Boston; another is planned for the fall. About a hundred girls have been meeting in small groups in Washington, D. C. for a year and a half. At hen sessions ("consciousness-raising" circles) of ten to twenty, a girl can discover that her complaints about degrading jobs or demeaning stereotypes are common grievances.

Armed with Marxist ideology and karate ("Self-defense is an important thing; it teaches you so much about power"), they attack the capitalistic system, the family structure in America, and men. Men are the agents of oppression who force females "into a lower caste in all existing social structures, and a powerless economic class in capitalistic America." Women's freedom will come about only through social revolution – destruction of the family, private property, and the nation-state. How the revolution will occur and what the society is supposed to look like afterwards are hazy. Meanwhile, the girls read, study, discuss, learn karate – and look skeptically at another major association, National Organization for Women (NOW). According to one spokeswoman in Women's Liberation, this is because "all women are oppressed but not all women are potentially revolutionary."

NOW is a bevy of white, well-educated, professionals in their twenties and thirties led by Betty Frieden, author of the *Feminine Mystique*. It has 50 chapters in 24 states. From its New York central office, it launches legislative action programs across the nation, concentrating on improving the economic standing of women. They pressured the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission to rule, on the basis of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, that newspaper want-ads should not make irrelevant sex distinctions (although most continue to do it). They are trying to get repeal of state abortion laws; also "protective" legislation limiting the length of a woman's workday or work week and the maximum weight she is allowed to lift on the job, restrictions which, in effect, hamper her work career.

At the other end of the political spectrum from NOW and WLM are the more deferential feminists. Choice examples are among Nixon's 13 female appointments (out of approximately 300 top administrative posts). The 13 include Nixon's personal and Mrs. Nixon's press and social secretaries. Mrs. Dorothy (Dolly) Elston, Treasurer of the United States, is a representative spokeswoman: "It's a man's world, we all recognize that. . . . Men have better contacts to and are more interested [than women] in economics and politics. . . . There aren't all that many jobs technically to be filled. . . . There are so many women with respon-

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sible jobs in government and treated with great respect that I'm not so quick to say that women have been discriminated against save at the cabinet level."

Patricia Hitt, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, concurs with the spirit of Dolly's statement: "Frankly, I couldn't give you a single, solitary woman who has the training, background, and ability to fill one of those cabinet posts." The apologetics of these Aunt Tabbies are of course resented by WITCH, their comrades in Women's Liberation, and NOW. For despite differences of opinion, the demands of the new activists are radical. Prostitution laws for example, which punish the female for selling her body but not the male who patronizes her, are just one symptom of unfair sex-based inequities which the law and society foist on women.

Forty percent of all women (twenty-seven million) work full-time, year-round, and at least half of those work because they have to. Since most are married and almost half have children under eighteen, they carry the additional burden of motherhood. Despite their needs and extra duties, their pay is less than men's for the same work. The most recent statistics (1966) show that the median income for women was $3,973, compared to $6,945 for men; their rate of unemployment is higher than men's; they have practically no services required by working mothers, such as child care clinics or maternity leaves without loss of seniority. Startlingly, fully one-fifth of the women who have four years' college education can only get unskilled or semiskilled jobs as clerks, salesgirls, factory hands, and service workers (including household work); the same for eight percent of those with five or more years of college. Women's share in professional or technical employment has actually declined since World War II, while the proportion of working women increased. Since 1930, women have been receiving a decreasing proportion of master's degrees, doctorates, and faculty appointments.

Many public high schools and vocational schools are sexually segregated. So, early in their training, girls are shunted into girls' jobs which require less skill, pay less, and offer fewer opportunities for advancement. Some state universities, University of Virginia for example, are restricted to men. Many colleges have quotas for women (60-40 ratio of women to men is supposed to be best for social mixing), and they demand higher qualifications for women than men. Although Yale and Princeton are finally desegregated, some coeds still say it's only tokenism. Even SDS has been attacked by coeds for shutting off girls from leadership positions in local chapters, leaving them to do the mimeographing – like American business, which also tends to reserve management and professional slots for "men only."

So that innocent gal who skirts the seductions of *Modern Bride* magazine and seeks a career (instead of or as well as a man) is still in for a surprise. When she calls an employment agency for a job-with-a-future and says she's willing to participate in an executive training program, she is likely to be asked: "How fast do you type?" If she does land that "man's size" job, she won't get a "man's size" salary.

When she tries to buy something with her own money, credit regulations hem her in. A single girl is considered a bad risk by credit bureaus that assume she is bound to get married soon. If she is married or separated, she can't get credit on her own, since her records are filed under her husband's name. Though her record may be "clean," she is forced to assume responsibility for her husband's credit "for better or worse." Additional inequities in Federal Housing Authority policy for insuring mortgages preclude her buying a house alone, though there are plenty of women – single, separated, divorced, widows – who are in the market for a house. These arbitrary credit regulations are not written in law, but they might as well be.

When she retires (often compelled to do so earlier than men, but not compensated with equal pension benefits), she becomes the victim of unfair social security regulations. A married woman who has worked all her life often draws lower social security benefits than a wife, widow, or even a divorcee who has never worked a day in her life but who is compensated as a dependent of her retired husband. This is so even if she and her husband have paid social security taxes which together equalled that of the couple with only the husband working.

Two-thirds of the adult poor are women. Welfare regulations hurt them most since they head 80 percent of America's urban welfare families. Hardest hit of all is the nonwhite working woman. More than half of all households headed by them were below poverty level in 1967. Thirty percent of them were maids ("household workers" in Labor Department lingo).

If the myth that American women have equal rights still persists, mere mention of the abortion laws should dispel it. Women are compelled to sneak, cheat, and lie rather than consult a doctor discretely, legally, and freely. Until the laws are repealed – not reformed – women, wanting an abortion, will have to face the humiliation of convincing several male doctors. And until repeal, the poor will continue to be penalized most, since the majority of legal and safe abortions granted in states with reformed laws are performed in private hospitals where costs are prohibitive.

All women – poor or rich, young or old, housewife or worker, professional or nonprofessional – are courted by the media, if nothing else. A female is flattered to think she's fit to sell men's cologne or dog food, or wooed by admen to bleach-blonde her hair or smoke Virginia Slims (the pitch for Virginia Slims:

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"You've come a long way, Baby"). So I ask, when are we going to get round to treating women as human beings, not members of the weaker, dumber sex?

Child-care clinics would be a good place to begin. None of the organizations are talking specifically about day-care centers – Women's Liberation Movement because they believe only in revolution; NOW because they concentrate on one issue at a time and now is the time for expanding economic opportunities; and the Aunt Tabbies because they are too busy looking for room at the top. Authorization and funds have been passed for child-care centers, but where are they? Labor unions and churches haven't been much help. Eventually public authorities will see that a good way to begin getting people off welfare roles is to make possible proper care and training for youngsters whose mothers must work. Day-care clinics, like public schools and hospitals, would benefit more than poor families; there are working mothers in all classes. And if the authorities can't see that, they might rouse themselves when they see that the style-conscious female is getting politically conscious, discovering it's not unfashionable to do her own revolutionary thing – with or without a witch's costume.

The Japanese Flag Once Again Flies High

Sun Up in Asia

by Alex Campbell

Tokyo

Congressmen love visiting the world's biggest most expensive city but deny they do it for the fleshpots. Perhaps to prove serious intent, they needle the US Embassy with complaints about the Japanese dragging their heels: Now that Japan can afford it, why won't it play a big military role in Asia? That gripe repeats Vice President Agnew's gaffe about the fat Jap and also should make war historians and Ernie Pyle's ghost groan. Yet in a way the congressmen are right. Japan is the firebird of Asia. The world's only victim of an atomic attack so far, Japan has risen phoenix-like from the ashes of Nagasaki and Hiroshima to be the third biggest industrial power. Emperor Hirohito, whom Americans once wished hanged, has got himself a brand-new Palace. Yet there are still in Japan over 100 costly US military installations; why can't Japan at least look to its own moat?

According to frequent public opinion polls, 45 percent of the Japanese – which means 45-million people – think the US bases are harmful to their country; only 18 percent approve them. Many voters would not only shut down the US bases but thereafter wouldn't bother much about *any* defense. The Japanese Constitution, mostly the work of the late General Douglas MacArthur, pledges Japan to "no threat or use of force." MacArthur's Constitution is revered; a cabinet minister was forced to quit last year for calling it "a foolish concubine." Japan has a 174,000-man army; but an army captain earns as little as a Tokyo cabdriver. The Socialists would turn the army into a national police force, then cut it hopefully to near zero. The Party envisages an unarmed, neutral, Socialist Japan. When asked "Suppose you were invaded, how would you react?" the Socialists answer: "Nonviolently, like Czechs."

And yet . . .

This month for the first time since World War II the Rising Sun flag is to be shown in almost all the ports of Asia, on warships of the Japanese Imperial Navy that are visiting all the way from Australia and New Zealand to Pakistan and India. The gray destroyers and frigates are again sailing the Pacific, China Sea and Indian Ocean, and may very well exchange ceremonial salutes with Russian warships, which are also now active in those waters. Sixty-four summers ago, the Russian fleet sailed halfway round the world, intent on licking the Japanese, whom the Tsar called "monkeys." Instead, Admiral Togo sank the Tsar's ships at Tsushima – a victory that thrust Russia out of Pacific politics and helped bring on the Russian Revolution. Now that both nations' fleets are again active, could they clash again? Unlikely. The Japanese are determined to fight no one. Their spending on arms, at about $1.2 billion, is well under one percent

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of their annual gross national product, a smaller percentage than Luxembourg's. However, the bursting Japanese economy depends for very survival on daily traffic through the Straits of Malacca of 400,000 tons of imported oil, iron ore and coking coal. Therefore, Japan now proposes spending modest additional sums for more destroyers and submarines, as well as on missile batteries for protecting the Japanese islands' smoggy crowded cities and closely packed industrial areas. The Tokyo metropolitan area has 11 million people, the city of Osaka 7 million. Japanese farmers are vanishing almost as fast as American ones, and fully a third of the population now lives in four vast coastal megalopolises. Japan stands first in the world as a builder of ships, television sets and radios; second for trucks; third in steel; fourth in power production. The new, rich Jap must think about defense, for Japan is *not* Luxembourg.

The Japanese also have to think about trade, for they live by exporting. The Japanese businessman, a short, brisk, black-suited figure with a black briefcase, is ubiquitous from Guam to Beirut, where the neon signs shout "Sony" and other Japanese brand names. The biggest trade problem is with the United States, where the Japanese annually sell more than a third of their $13 billion of exports. This American trade is the deep rich soil in which Japan's blooming prosperity is rooted. Last year, Japan's exports to this country increased by more than 35 percent, probably a record in the history of world trade, yielding Japan a record trade surplus of $1 billion. That's the rub, for the US has a grave balance of payments deficit, and Japan has more trade barriers than any other country. The Japanese are highly reluctant to open their home market widely to American products. They promise more liberalization of trade, but concessions hitherto applied to items like bourbon whiskey and chewing-gum that are so American even the Japanese don't try to compete.

Japanese caution over trade riles visiting congressmen every whit as much as Japanese reluctance to scrap the MacArthur Constitution to become America's strongly armed ally. But businessmen here fear American competition with reason. Despite Japan's remarkable performance, breaking economic records and putting $3 billion in reserves while plowing back a fifth of the GNP into further industrial expansion, the economy is quite fragile. Like the country's thin, tough rice paper, the economy can stand strain but not sharp pokes or heavy blows. The business structure is topheavy with big corporations. Two percent of the companies have 90 percent of the corporate capital and are managed by as few men as can (and often do) squeeze in one small room. Nevertheless, these top Japanese firms are not on the scale of Big Business in the US or Europe. More than the Europeans, Japanese fear "the American challenge," shrink in dismay from US business's enormous financial power and dread a US takeover. Japan's biggest car maker, Toyota Motor, bans foreigners from its board, and Americans seeking to invest here run a whole gauntlet of bureaucratic restrictions. Rather than import capital, Japanese firms prefer to borrow at high cost from local banks, and pay royalties for foreign know-how. The Japanese were, after all, the first isolationists; for over two centuries before Perry, few foreigners could even visit Japan and Japanese who dared to go abroad risked execution if they returned.

The modern Japanese, somewhat less inhibited, have built extraordinarily well on their narrow post-war platform. The Ginza shopping district of Tokyo is smarter than New York's Fifth Avenue. But despite color TV, new expressways, a million automobiles a year, and 155-mph trains, the masses' standard of living remains low; not low for Asia, but still astonishingly low for a nation whose GNP almost equals the combined GNP's of all other Asian countries put together. The Ginza is dazzling, but Tokyo is still cram full of cold little wooden houses. The motor traffic is something to see, but the drains are sometimes something to smell. Japan in short is an affluent society run by businessmen who sacrifice everything to private enterprise and put welfare almost last. The Japanese "establishment" has only two components, bureaucrats and businessmen. Before the war it was a four-legged stool, including the military and Imperial Court castes, but now the two that remain are for all practical purposes one. Graduates of Tokyo University who don't get high government jobs go on the boards of banks and corporations and intermarry with top bureaucrats. The Japanese parliament, has been run since the war by the businessmen's party, the Liberal-Democrats. There is a Diet-industrial complex, which makes parliament a kind of pale cheese, occasionally nibbled at by inconsequential socialist or communist mice.

The liveliest element in life is the students who rage against the establishment, which presses down and suffocates them the way low ceilings of smog strangle most Japanese cities. Of every 100 Japanese students, about 84 are apolitical; nevertheless the activists manage to intimidate the military and cow the government; Prime Minister Eisaku Sato confessed last week that the students had him "at my wits' end." They have kept the most prestigious universities in Japan unusable for a year. About eight percent of the students are Communists and a like number are anarchist-Trotskyists. The Communists are almost humdrum, but the anarchist-Trotskyists have everywhere seized the lead by sheer unreason. "If you can understand us, that makes you the enemy," one student rebuffed Shigeharu Matsumoto, an eminent scholar who was prepared to sympathize. Almost all students and most young faculty feel heavily oppressed by older autocratic professors, who run the colleges like US plumb-

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ers do their union, jealously guarding their jobs to hand on exclusively to their own sons and sons-in-law. Having once rebelled, led by the anarchist-Trotskyists and partly financed from Peking, the students are deadlocked into chaos by their grim feeling that if they ever give in, the vindictive old professors will inflict bitter punishments.

This Japanese generation gap mirrors wider confusions. The Diet suffers from what the Socialists call a "tyranny of the majority." There are no vigorous committees of either chamber, no Fulbrights or even a Wilbur Mills. The Liberal-Democrats ponderously rule, the weak and divided opposition merely protests. Sometimes the face of new-style democracy is barely saved by a handful of Communists, and splinter-party Democratic Socialists, who consent at least to stay in their seats when government bills are being rubber-stamped after the Socialists have angrily stomped out. The Socialist Party has 50,000 members and is 10-million votes behind the Liberal-Democrats. The Communists, with 200,000 members, command 2,500,000 scattered votes. The *Komeito* or Clean-Government Party is moving up fast and now virtually controls Tokyo. *Komeito* is an off-shoot of the religious sect *Soka Gakkai* or Value-Creating Society, which claims 10-million followers. It is anti-capitalist, anti-military, anti-Communist – but pro-Peking. The reasons why *Soka Gakkai* appeals to Japanese are its contempt for party politicians and their graft, and its insistence on higher values than profitmaking. Its president, Mr. Daisaku Ikeda, is a lover of the arts, who can't understand why Peking refuses *Soka Gakkai*'s overtures.

The Japanese don't fear either China or Russia. At different times they have been alone in the ring with both, and beaten them, but that isn't the reason. They aren't afraid of being attacked, but if an attack came, it would be met with fatalism: modern war is a kind of black death, nobody can "win," and the Japanese of all people ought to know. Meantime, they are eager to trade with Russia and with the United States, with mainland China and with Taiwan. At Asia's first world exposition next spring in Osaka, part of the Soviet exhibit will honor Lenin; 1970 is the centenary of his birth. The Japanese hope the American exhibit will include a rocket that landed on the moon. Any exhibit Peking cares to send will be as welcome. But this Japanese evenhandedness enrages the Chinese Communists. Only if Japan abrogates its security treaty with the US and ends all relations with Taiwan, can there be friendly relations between Tokyo and Peking. Ignoring those fulminations, the Japanese continue trading and visiting with both Peking and Taipei and claim they can be a bridge between Peking and the West. Trade with Taiwan is at the moment slightly larger than trade with the mainland. But no group in Japan, not even businessmen, think the Nationalists on Taiwan can last, whereas China represents 700-million potential customers. That is good reason for being patient with China, despite insults. Japan is not turning the other cheek to Peking through any feeling of inferiority. There may be seven times more Chinese than Japanese, but Japan's GNP is twice China's, and grows faster.

The Japanese resist American pressure to play a bigger military part in Asia, but are uncomfortable that other Asians tend to shrug them off as merely "economic animals." Japan, after all, contributed $200 million to the Asian Development Bank, the same as the US, and talks about extending aid to both Vietnams, once the war is over. But Shigeru Matsumoto insists that what is needed much more is a community of ideas between Japanese and other Asian intellectuals. For that purpose, Asian visitors are specially welcome at International House, in Tokyo, which Mr. Matsumoto directs. He wants big Japanese companies to set up a kind of Japanese Ford Foundation, to finance good works in Asia. They probably will.

The hope of the middle-of-the-roaders is for more pragmatism at home and abroad. If the Navy succeeds in showing the once-hated Rising Sun flag without having rocks thrown at it, the Japanese will conclude that at last the war is over. Then they may be less timid about establishing relations with fellow Asians on other matters besides trade. Until now their diplomacy has been very low key, but they are about ready to pluck up heart. ("At least," says one Japanese diplomat, "Asia can't treat us worse than Latin America did Rockefeller.") At home, the hope of the modern conservatives is that the anti-war, pro-Constitution voters, who when all is said and done show little inclination to swell the Socialist vote, will not demand the closing down of US military installations without permitting Japanese ones in their place. When he visits Washington in November, Prime Minister Sato hopes President Nixon will agree to fix an early date for the return of Okinawa to Japan. In that case, Sato may be able to retire with dignity, instead of being rudely hustled from office, as his brother Nobusuke Kishi was. Premier Kishi lost out over the 1960 signing of the US-Japan Mutual Security Treaty, which provoked mass protests that prevented President Eisenhower's visiting Japan, as well as costing Kishi his job. This winter, the Tokyo students will certainly do all they can to keep Sato from even reaching the airport. Next spring, the Socialists, Communists and anarchist-Trotskyists will try their hardest to have the treaty killed. They won't succeed, nor is Japan likely to stop booming. But the anticipated shenanigans do raise the question how long Japan can walk its tightrope. If and when the Japanese lose their balance, will they fall far left or extreme right? All Asia is watching, including Peking. So is Washington, of course. Modern Japan was mostly made in America.

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Back to the Streets — or Jail

The Job on the Job Corps

by Colman McCarthy

The nervous night before the election last November, Richard Nixon was on television luring the remaining undecideds. Eventually he got around to Job Corps, said it was a failure, that it cost $12,000 a year to train an enrollee – he had been using the already overblown figure $10,000, but on election eve it went up to $12,000 – and that, if elected, he would eliminate the program.

The most critical mistake Nixon made then is the same he makes now, as 58 of the 106 centers are scheduled for closing on July 1: that Job Corps is only a job-training program. It isn't. In the last few years, I have visited Job Corps centers in Washington, D.C., Chicago, Omaha, Lincoln, Los Angeles and Pleasanton, California and jobs were always the last thing the new enrollees seemed capable of. At each center, teachers and counsellors said over and over that the Job Corps is a last-stand try at restoring the minds, bodies and spirits of youths that other programs can't or won't bother with. "If after a year or two here," said a counsellor at the women's center in downtown Omaha, "these kids can go out and get jobs, well, that would be fine. But if not, no one should be surprised. They're here on a long shot anyway."

Exactly how lengthy a shot is most graphically understood by being at a Job Corps center the day a batch of recruits pile off the bus for their first day – an experience I had at Camp Parks in Pleasanton. The kids were either so untamable – like many of the ghetto blacks – or so sullen and loser-looking – as with many of the rural whites – that it was hard believing they were a part of America. These were the celebrated 16 to 21 "disadvantaged" – a term that is actually a put-on when applied to Job Corps youth. The recruits that day at Pleasanton were so subdisadvantaged that they seemed to be fresh from a pit dug for them under the bottom rung of the ladder.

Eighty percent of the Job Corps enrollees have not seen a doctor or dentist in 10 years. Sixty-four percent had been either thrown out or pushed out of school. More than 60 percent come from broken homes, where 63 percent of the fathers are unemployed. Thirty-nine percent are from welfare families. They averaged nine years of schooling but only read at fifth grade level. It is small wonder society wants them out of sight.

Early reports came back from many centers that homosexuality was going to be a problem. The judgment was based on the habits of enrollees who, during the middle of the night would slip out of bed and into that of a friend. Psychiatrists discovered later that it was not homosexuality at all, but loneliness. The youths in question had never slept alone in a bed before, being forced by poverty to share it with one or more brothers and sisters.

A girl from Appalachia was being shown her room in the dormitory of an urban women's center. Her guide flushed the toilet to be sure it worked. The Appalachian girl jumped back in horror. It was the first one she had ever seen, and her comment was, "But I could fall into it."

From its beginning in early 1965, Job Corps was basically a human reclamation program, reclaiming exactly the youths society made worthless and then damned because they were worthless. The situation was similar to Shaw's comment in the preface to *Man and Superman:* "The haughty American nation . . . makes the Negro clean its boots and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the Negro by the fact that he is a bootblack."

Of all the OEO programs, Job Corps was destined to become the most picked on. Spending tax money on dropouts, hoods, welfare cases and the hopeless was probably the subconscious reason why so many Americans were revulsed. Stories of gang fights, sex and drug abuse began circulating, mostly based on isolated incidents. These "sordid tales" gave the program an image from which it never recovered. When the Administration was pressed to justify its closing order, as well as rally support for it in righteous-minded Congress, it leaked "secret" reports about drugs, rape, homosexuality and theft by Job Corps trainees. The leak said, among other things, that during a six-month period in 1968, the Job Corps center in Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, had 22 narcotic cases. It failed to mention that during the same period over 2,300 young men were at the center. Surprisingly, the conservative National Police Conference on Police Athletic League and Youth Activities denied the drug problem at Kilmer. The director of the center's police training school said, "if we look at the suburban areas of our metropolitan centers, we will find there is more drug addiction, homosexuality and other sex offenses

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committed proportionately in those areas than in or near Job Corps centers."

A further reason to rail against Job Corps in the last four years was the "Harvard argument." Critics pulled out figures saying that not only did it cost $10,000 a year to train a Job Corps enrollee but that the figure was three times the cost of a year at Harvard. Few bothered to get the accurate cost of Job Corps – $6,380 in the first half of fiscal '69 – or consider that the program did a lot more than educate for nine months a year and a few hours a day, or that Harvard, through alumni gifts, endowments and other contributions, subsidizes each student for $7,570 – which means a year at Harvard comes out to more than $10,000. Ironically, the Harvard argument boomerangs in another, more topical way: no Job Corps enrollees, no matter how undisciplined, have yet rioted and shut down their center.

Mr. Nixon and Labor Secretary Shultz, sensitive to charges that some 16,500 trainees will be thrown back to the wolves when the centers are closed, have been busily assuring everyone that those corpsmen unable to be placed in jobs or other centers will be absorbed into existing manpower programs. Who knows? The Administration has already broken faith in establishing what it calls "mini" Job Corps centers. Assistant Manpower Secretary Arnold R. Weber testified at Senate hearings that the first mini – located in Phoenix –would be "ready for intake during the summer." It now comes out that the Phoenix center will not be ready until November and will not reach full capacity until February 1970.

Elsewhere large numbers of enrollees, on learning their center was on the shut-down list simply went home in disappointment, anger, or disillusion. At Kicking Horse center in Ronan, Mont. only 20 of the 130 trainees – mostly Indians – remain and few have gone to other centers; they are back on the reservation. The closing of four Job Corps centers in the Northeast means that some 1,600 trainees are now back on the streets of New York City, their hometown. In breaking down the status of the 16,500 enrollees sent packing, Secretary Shultz "estimates" that 5,800 have transferred to other centers and 5,500 have been referred to jobs or other training programs. Just exactly what centers or jobs they have gone to has not yet been disclosed. As for the other training programs, Shultz means the Concentrated Employment Programs, those of the Manpower Development and Training Act and the National Alliance for Businessmen's JOBS. Perhaps because neither Nixon or Shultz has ever visited a Job Corps center, they have not learned that these programs were not designed for the kind of youth in Job Corps; specifically, they lack the educational, counselling and physical rehabilitation services of the Job Corps centers. Nor has Shultz addressed himself to the fact that in retaining *some* centers the Administration is conceding that the program works. There has been no explanation – except that $100 million will be "saved" from the Job Corps budget of $280 million – to another disturbing question: why didn't the Administration choose to improve the 58 closed centers rather than throw away the experience of hundreds of teachers and counsellors and some $80 million invested in the construction of the closed centers?

The Administration's answer to the latter question is largely based on a GAO report issued earlier this year. In evaluating the effectiveness of Job Corps, the most important criterion was placement, "since this," said the Labor Department, "measures the extent to which the program meets its objectives. Therefore the rank for this criterion was given twice the value" of other criteria. Judging the Job Corps centers on their placement records is a little strange, since the centers themselves were not responsible for placing the graduated trainees. This was the task of the local state employment offices and other agencies, including unions, trade associations, business groups and OEO regional offices. Thus, many centers were marked on something not in their control. A Job Corps youth could have skills to spare, but with no placement help back home – especially blacks returning to Southern towns – the odds were against him.

Another error of the Labor Department was in using the criterion of cost in deciding which centers to close. This disregarded the fact that the longer an enrollee stayed, the more vocational and social skills he got. But according to Labor Department thinking, the centers that produced a graduate for, say $4,500 must be operating more efficiently than one costing $6,500. There is no mention of the quality of the training or the long-lasting benefits and obviously no dollar value can be ascribed to a life changed from hopelessness to usefulness.

The GAO report, which examined Job Corps as though it was the Bureau of the Budget, said the program "has achieved only limited success in fulfilling its primary purpose which is to assist young persons who need and can benefit from an unusually intensive program, operated in a group setting, to develop their capacities for work and social responsibilities." *Limited success* is right. Not *every* trainee got a job, went back to school or entered the military. Only 70 percent did, which, considering the kind of youth in the program, is a remarkable number. The Labor Department says that 55 percent drop out of the Job Corps within 90 days – a high figure until it is discovered that the highly praised JOBS program, whose trainees are in considerably easier straits, has a 48 percent dropout rate.

The present fear about Job Corps, since there will be no identifiable budget for the program in fiscal year '71 – beginning July 1, 1970 – is that it will disappear

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into the bowels of the Labor Department's Manpower Administration and entirely lose its identity. Since 59 centers have gone with one chop, the remaining centers could easily be broken up, with Job Corps eventually disappearing from the organizational chart of the Labor Department. One well-placed Labor official said that during his career he had seen a number of take-overs both in government and industry, but had never seen one as ineptly handled as the Labor Department's attempt to take over Job Corps. Nearly everyone has been alienated or angered, from former director William P. Kelly, who quietly dropped from sight two weeks ago, to staff members at the centers who passionately believed in the rightness of their program.

The Job Corps transfer from OEO and its eventual running are being handled by the same old-line bureaucrats who have traditionally ignored the needs of the worst-off poor in youth job-training programs. The kinds of kids the Job Corps dealt with had always presented too high a risk for failure for the Labor Department to fool with in the past. The Job Corps could have been more successful, had it been willing to cream, i.e., take the easily handled youngsters. But it went after the problem cases.

The Nixon team, which big-talks about how it will deal with crime in the streets, has now returned to the streets thousands of young men ready for careers in crime. Hopefully, jails are being built for them. A suggestion: why not make the 58 closed Job Corps centers into federal prisons, and thus not only save the $100 million but have an ideal place for the addicts, thieves and killers many of the ex- and might-have-been Job Corps youth will soon become? Perhaps this is what the new team has been thinking of all along, but out of modesty preferred not to appear too brilliant. Just like them, with lowered voices and all.

Hacking It in the Action Army

The Presidio "Mutiny"

by Peter Barnes

Fort Ord, California

There were tears and shouts of joy outside the barren one-room courthouse on the afternoon of June 7. Fourteen GI's charged with mutiny for conducting a peaceful sit-down demonstration last October at the San Francisco Presidio stockade had just been given light – by Army standards – sentences. Two of the 14 had been found guilty of lesser crimes than mutiny and sentenced to three and six months additional confinement. Of the 12 convicted of mutiny, Private Richard L. Gentile, a Vietnam veteran, was rewarded for his year of battle duty with a sentence of only six months at hard labor; others, whom the Army tagged as leaders of the mutinous cabal, were let off with just 15 more months in the brig. To add to the euphoric feelings, Lt. Col. Richard Potter, president of the five-man court-martial panel, assured the prisoners, "You fellows pull yourselves together and you'll be home for Christmas."

Mounting public pressure was responsible for the shorter sentences imposed upon the latest batch of "mutineers" to be court-martialed. (The first three demonstrators to be tried received sentences of 14, 15 and 16 years confinement, subsequently reduced by the Judge Advocate General's office in Washington to two years each.) And perhaps some of them would be home for Christmas, if they could withstand the strain of more dismal months inside an Army stockade. But the reason these young men were on trial in the first place was that they could not play the cover-your-ass games demanded of them by the Army. Each of them, sooner or later in their military experiences, had cracked, gone AWOL, and been thrown in the Presidio stockade.

Some had lasted longer than others. Private Gentile, 20, of Hampton, Va., had served a year as a rear-door helicopter machine-gunner in Vietnam, where his best

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buddy was killed when he stepped on a land mine right in front of him. Back in the states, Gentile went off base one Saturday to participate in a peace march and was thrown into the Presidio stockade. Shortly thereafter, he attempted suicide by slitting his forearm with a razor.

Private Roy Pulley, 19, of Lakeport, Cal., enlisted in the Army in 1968 after being assured by his recruiter he would be trained in fixed-wing aircraft maintenance. His father was critically ill, his mother was crippled, but the chance to learn a trade enticed Pulley to leave his family. He got through basic, only to discover he would then be trained not as an aircraft mechanic but as a helicopter machine-gunner. His home situation worsened, he began taking LSD and finally went AWOL. He was caught and tossed into the Presidio stockade.

Private Larry L. Sales, 21, of Modesto, Cal., had just been released from a state mental hospital. He thought it would be a good idea to join the Army to "get straightened out." After one day of basic at Fort Lewis, Washington, Sales realized he had made a great mistake. He ran AWOL to his family, tried unsuccessfully to commit suicide, was taken to the Presidio where he attempted once again to put an end to his life.

Private Danny Seals, 21, from Auburn, Cal., was mildly retarded mentally from a childhood brain injury. Drafted as one of "McNamara's 100,000," he sought to become a medic, flunked the course, then went AWOL in a fit of despondency.

Each of the other Presidio "mutineers" court-martialed at Fort Ord had backgrounds different only in detail from Gentile, Pulley, Sales and Seals. One was a drifter, abandoned by his parents. He had tried to find himself in the Haight-Ashbury before joining the Army. Another was an orphan and an American Indian. The mother of another married 12 different men in 15 years. The fathers of several more were alcoholics or mentally unstable, often cruel personalities. A few, like Gentile, had acquired a wholly apolitical distaste for killing (Gentile stunned the court-martial panel by reading from his personal Bible a passage from St. Matthew: "Blessed are the peacemakers . . ."), but none could be said to be part of the Movement, much less rioters or mutineers intent on seizing control of a stockade. Yet in the warped minds of the Army brass, these lonely, disturbed runaways were associated with dangerous, fuzzy-thinking campus trouble-makers. There would be no disrespect for authority in the Army. No, Sir.

Behind the rebellion in the Presidio stockade is a broad range of problems that reflect rather damagingly on the way the Army is run: the way it recruits its manpower, the way it treats its misfits, the way it handles grievances, the way it dispenses justice. Except that their breaking points are lower than most people's, the GI's charged with mutiny at the Presidio represent a fair cross-section of the population strata that provide most of the warm bodies for the Army. Of the 14 tried at Fort Ord, all came from small towns or medium-sized cities. All but one was unable to finish high school. None came from wealthy, well-educated or established families. Their average age was 19.

Like many high-school dropouts, several of the 14 joined the Army after being promised useful vocational training: Pulley was to be trained in aircraft maintenance; Private Danny Wilkins, 19, of Safford, Ariz., had signed for computer training; Private Stephen Rowland, 21, of St. Louis, the only high school graduate, enlisted to be trained as an occupational therapist. None received the assignments they had expected, nor did being yelled at by drill sergeants help make them into "real men," as some had been led to believe. Other youths with stronger egos might have been able to adjust to these disappointments; the "mutineers' " response was to run away.

In civilian life, running away from a stress situation is usually ignored by society, or when heeded, is approached with therapy in mind. In the Army, running away is looked at as a disciplinary, if not criminal, challenge to be met with punishment. As the Vietnam war has mounted and draft rates have correspondingly risen, the Army's AWOL problem has grown apace. (A recent Senate Armed Services Committee report disclosed that 208,893 GI's went AWOL or deserted last year.) The Army's response has not been, as in the past, to let obviously disturbed misfits be discharged, but to throw them into stockades that are now full past the bursting point with miserable, maladjusted soldiers.

The San Francisco Presidio stockade, while probably worse than others, is a reflection of the entire system. Building 1213, which contains virtually all of the cellblocks, is a white stucco structure, with a good view of the Bay, which was built in 1912 to accommodate 43 persons. The normal capacity of building 1213, by the Army's current standards, is 88 persons. Capt. Robert S. Lamont, the 25-year-old stockade commander, testified that for 54 days preceeding the October 14 demonstration, the prisoner population exceeded 100. On the day of the so-called mutiny itself, there were 123 prisoners jammed into Building 1213.

"The tension brought on by being unable to move without dodging other prisoners is enormous," says one ex-GI who was formerly an inmate of the Presidio stockade. Beyond the inevitable anxieties created by stuffing large numbers of people into a small space, there were other continual annoyances. The antiquated building had only four latrines; to go to the bathroom or to take a shower, a prisoner frequently had to wait for more than two hours. Much of the time the latrines were backed up with filth or excrement.

When the population in the stockade rose above

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emergency levels, food would become scarce. In the weeks prior to the sit-down demonstration, food in the stockade had to be rationed. Those at the end of the chow line were lucky if they got half a cup of milk and a cheese sandwich.

Added to the physical discomforts of the stockade were constant instances of harassment by some of the guards. Early in the summer, one inmate was dragged down the stairs in such a manner as to have his head hit every step, apparently because he didn't get out of bed quickly enough. A sick GI was forced to stand at attention in the cold despite his pleas that he was very ill and an epileptic; he suffered a seizure while undergoing this treatment. Another time, guards fired at prisoners with water pistols filled with urine. Conversations among black prisoners were broken up by guards with such comments as, "What's this, a Black Panther meeting?"

Perhaps the most barbaric practice at the Presidio stockade was not a result of individual guards' misbehaving but of official policy. Inmates who unsuccessfully attempted suicide were punished by being thrown into "segregation" – 6-by-5 foot black-walled cells with cold cement floors and no mattresses, cots or blankets. One of the prisoners who kept track of such things counted 33 suicide attempts by 21 prisoners in a six-month period prior to last October. The techniques varied. Some GI's drank chrome polish, lye or other poisons; some slashed their wrists or forearms; some tried hanging. One prisoner, Private Ricky Lee Dodd, 21, of Hayward, Cal., slit his forearm with a razor, was bandaged and sent to "the box," where he proceeded to hang himself on his bandages. He was pronounced dead-on-arrival at Letterman Army Hospital, and is alive today only because a disbelieving doctor succeeded in resuscitating him.

The Army's attitude, as stated by Presidio psychiatrists during the court-martial, was that these repeated suicide attempts were merely "gestures" designed to trick the Army into transferring prisoners into the hospital. Shrewdly, the Army saw through these maneuvers and demonstrated to the troublemakers that such ploys would not work.

Throughout this period, there was virtually no way the prisoners could make their grievances felt. In theory, a prisoner desiring to see a psychiatrist, lawyer or stockade official, needed only fill out a DD-510 form. GI's in the Presidio stockade submitted literally scores of such forms. Somehow, though, the documents had a way of getting lost at the bottom of the command chain, and very few of the requested consultations ever occurred.

Given the conditions within the stockade and the nature of the prisoner population, it was not surprising that a tense, combustible situation existed for some time before the "mutiny." In July, a prisoner went on an extended hunger strike; he was placed in segregation. Later in the summer, rumors seeped out that there had been minor disturbances in the stockade: struggles with guards, the smashing of windows, the throwing of garbage. Many inmates tried to escape.

The spark that ignited the October 14 demonstration was the killing by a guard of 19-year-old Private Richard Bunch, a frail, boyish-faced brooder whom everyone inside the stockade knew was insane.

Bunch got through the first year of his Army duty with no apparent problems. Then he was transferred to Fort Lewis and something went wrong. He went AWOL, wandered through Haight-Ashbury on drugs, then turned up at his mother's home in Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Bunch scarcely recognized her own son. He babbled that he had died twice and been reincarnated as a warlock. She tried to have him hospitalized for psychiatric treatment but no institution would accept an AWOL GI. In desperation she called the Army and received a written promise that her son would receive psychiatric care. Instead, he was thrown into the stockade, first at Fort Meade, Md., then at the Presidio.

It didn't take long for Bunch's fellow-inmates to realize he was mentally deranged. Bunch would sit on his bunk in a lotus position and mumble about his reincarnations. He would announce that he could walk through walls, and then he would walk into them. At night the whole stockade would be awakened by Bunch's frantic screams.

One day in October, Bunch asked a prisoner to recommend a fool-proof method of committing suicide. The prisoner suggested running away from a shotgun detail. On Friday, October 11, while on a shotgun detail, Bunch asked a guard, "If I run will you shoot me?" The guard replied, "You'll have to run to find out." Bunch requested the guard to shoot at his head, then skipped away directly in front of him. He had gone barely 30 feet when the guard killed him with a 12-gauge shotgun blast straight at his back. No one had heard the guard yell "Halt."

When word of the shooting reached the stockade, the prisoners could barely contain their fury. Someone walked over to Bunch's bunk and found a hand-written note that said, "Fuck it, it ain't worth living." Stockade officials quickly declared the shooting a "justifiable homicide." To the prisoners it was the last straw in a long train of cruelties that threatened their sanity and now, they thought, their lives. In their agitated state, some inmates talked of killing a guard or burning down the stockade. By Sunday night, passions had cooled enough for the prisoners to agree upon a nonviolent, orderly demonstration the following morning. The idea was to sit down until someone listened to their grievances.

A list was drawn up on a DD-510 form with seven main demands: elimination of shotgun details, complete psychological evaluations of all prisoners and

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guards, elimination of racist guards, rotation of guards to prevent the build-up of antagonisms (guards worked 12-hour shifts with nine days on and three days off), better sanitary facilities, decent food in sufficient quantities, and a chance to tell the press the prisoners' version of Bunch's slaying. Surely, they believed, if only those in authority could know what was *really* going on in the Presidio stockade, help would be quickly forthcoming. Human beings couldn't be treated this way; *Americans* couldn't be treated this way. If only people *knew* . . . .

Monday morning at 7:30, 27 prisoners broke from the roll-call formation, sat down in the grassy area of the stockade and asked to see Capt. Lamont, the stockade commander. Lamont arrived, accompanied by a fire truck and an Army photographer who circled the demonstrators, taking pictures from all angles. Private Walter Pawlowski, one of the three "mutineers" who has since escaped to Canada, stood up and started to read the list of grievances. Lamont was not interested in grievances. He had been tipped in advance about the impending demonstration and was interested only in mutiny. He walked over to a loudspeaker in an MP patrol car and proceeded to recite Article 94 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the mutiny article. ("Any person subject to this code who, with intent to usurp or override lawful military authority, refuses, in concert with any other person, to obey orders or otherwise do his duty or creates any violence or disturbance, is guilty of mutiny.") Then he ordered the demonstrators back to Building 1213.

The prisoners didn't budge. They remained in a circle, chanting for the press, for freedom, and for Terence Hallinan, a young San Francisco attorney with several clients in the stockade. They sang "America the Beautiful," "This Land is My Land," and "We Shall Overcome." They flashed the V sign.

After about 40 minutes, Lamont turned to the chief of the fire truck – a civilian – and requested him to hose down the demonstrators. The fireman refused. Lamont then ordered 25 MP's to escort the demonstrators back to their cellblocks. According to an Army fact sheet, "no force was required other than physically carrying some of the prisoners off." The Army photographer had to admit it was a "very moving demonstration."

Dr. Price M. Cobbs, co-author of *Black Rage*, subsequently examined several of the prisoners. "They reacted like black people," he said. They sat down and sang 'We Shall Overcome.' That was probably the first time in their lives they had ever sung that song. They reacted in a nonviolent fashion, like Martin Luther King."

Nonviolent or not, the deed at the Presidio had been done and the wheels of Army "justice" quickly began to spin. Under the UCMJ – the US military code adopted in George Washington's day from the British Articles of War and revised only minimally since then – the commanding officer of a soldier's unit brings the charges against him, appoints military counsel, selects the court-martial panel (jury), and even approves or disapproves of the verdict and sentences levied. In the case of the San Francisco Presidio, headquarters for the US Sixth Army, the commanding officer is Lt. Gen. Stanley R. Larsen, a three-star general whose rapid ascent in the ranks was much the envy of his fellow-officers. (They're not so envious any more: Larsen's mishandling of the Presidio demonstration may well have cost him his fourth star.)

Larsen could have brought charges less serious than mutiny, a capital offense. Or he could have handled the whole problem administratively. But Larsen was evidently determined to show that youthful dissent would never be tolerated in the Sixth Army as long as he was in command. He decided to back up Lamont and call it a mutiny.

Not all of the brass at the Presidio felt this was wise. After a pretrial hearing required by Article 32 of the UCMJ (the military's equivalent of grand jury proceedings), hearing officer Capt. Richard J. Millard recommended that the demonstrators be tried by special court-martial with a maximum sentencing power of six months, or instead be simply separated from the Army with less than honorable discharges. "The charge of mutiny under Article 94 does not apply to the facts of 14 October 1968," Millard stated in his official report. "There are three elements to the offense of mutiny, one of which is the intent to override lawful military authority. The element is absent in the present case." Millard noted that conditions in the stockade were "not up to the standards we should expect," and that the prescribed grievance procedures for prisoners, as implemented at the Presidio, were "shoddy and inefficient." "To charge [the accused] with mutiny, an offense which has its roots in the harsh admiralty laws of previous centuries, for demonstrating against conditions which existed in the stockade, is, in my opinion, an overreaction by the Army." But Larsen, egged on by Col. James Garrett, Judge Advocate of the Sixth Army, ignored Millard's report and plunged ahead with the mutiny charges.

The court-martial trials of 22 of the demonstrators at various West Coast bases are now part of history. (The last two demonstrators are currently being tried in San Francisco.) At Fort Ord, where 14 were tried, Terence Hallinan conducted a brilliant defense that included extensive testimony about stockade conditions and statements from 15 prominent psychiatrists concerning the effects of such conditions upon the defendants. The trial record contained over 1½ million words and is believed to be the longest court-martial in US history. (While the trial dragged on, a virtual rerun of the October demonstration occurred in the

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Fort Ord stockade. On May 20, some 150 prisoners sat down after the 7:30 a.m. lineup and chanted "Amen, Amen" until they were ordered individually to their cellblocks. At noontime, all but ten of the nearly 400 prisoners staged a one-meal hunger strike. The acts were in protest against stockade conditions and the refusal of Fort Ord authorities to permit the inmates to talk privately with a visiting team of Army penologists investigating the stockade. There have been reports of other recent trouble, including near-riots, at Army stockades in Fort Dix, N.J., Fort Carlson, Colo., Fort Riley, Kansas, and Fort Hood, Texas.)

All of the Presidio mutiny sentences, even the light ones handed down at Fort Ord, are in the process of being appealed. But more important than the severity or leniency of any of the sentences are the broader issues of Army policy raised by the "mutiny" itself.

For 20 years, the biggest source of manpower for the US Army has been the draft – as actually applied and as a threat to spur enlistment. Yet it is common practice for the Army to lie to, or at least grossly mislead, young men whom it seeks to recruit. They are promised one type of training or duty, and more often than not assigned another. (Part of the reason, of course, is the interservice scramble for enlistees; but that is small consolation to naive recruits.) Most of the unrest within the Army comes not from "anti-war agitators" but ordinary guys like the Presidio 27, often high school dropouts, who unhappily discover that military life bears little or no resemblance to the image portrayed by recruiters, movies and advertisements. Perhaps a more honest recruitment approach, and considerably more care in screening applicants with psychological problems, would reduce the number of AWOL's and diminish bitterness.

America's armed forces have many self-images. One of the more popular is that of the Army as a great rehabilitative agency – a tough, highly skilled organization which, in addition to fighting wars, knows how to make good productive citizens out of social degenerates. Undoubtedly, for many an unsettled man, service in the military can produce salutary results. But there are others for whom rehabilitation, Army style, is not only unproductive but painful and damaging. Of course, no Army operating on the premise of a universal military obligation can simply release all individuals who are disgruntled or give their superiors a hard time. But when a soldier compiles a long record of AWOL's, heavy drug-taking, suicide attempts or other desperate acts that indicate unsuitability for military service, it is hard to see what benefit accrues to the Army, much less to the individual, from throwing him in a stockade that is more oppressive than any ghetto.

Under present Army policy, only persons who are "psychotic or severely neurotic" can qualify for psychiatric discharges. GI's with character disorders that fall short of these medical extremes may, if they are clever and ambitious enough, seek administrative discharges for specific acts of bad conduct. Their chances of success, however, are not great. Military bureaucracy is excrutiatingly slow; and since the Army prefers to court-martial misbehavors before it lets them go, military misfits who apply for administrative discharges usually wind up in the stockades anyway.

Capt. Dean Flippo, summing up the Army's case at the Fort Ord court-martial, stated very well the prevailing Army philosophy: "If it was easy to get an administrative discharge, there would be a great many people taking the easy way out." The Army is tough; it is opposed to "easy" solutions. So the military prisons fill up – not with hardened criminals, not with dedicated revolutionaries, but with disturbed young men who simply can't hack it in the Action Army. How many more "mutinies" will it take before the Army recognizes that there is a difference between letting "a great many people take the easy way out" and responsible, humane treatment of the young Americans placed under Army custody for the purpose of promoting the common defense?

For most of America's existence as a nation, the question of soldiers' rights was not a burning one; the peacetime Army was small, and it was raised without conscription. Today the standing forces number 3½ million, including 461,186 draftees. If the Presidio mutiny trials have dramatized one thing above all else, it is that the feudalistic nature of American military justice must now be critically reexamined. At a time when civilian courts have taken enormous strides forward in protecting the civil rights and civil liberties of citizens, the UCMJ and the military courts seem scarcely to have discovered the 178-year-old Bill of Rights.

Grievance procedures in any large bureaucracy are likely to be "shoddy and inefficient," to quote Capt. Millard; but only in the military are citizens *punished* for peacefully attempting to express legitimate grievances. Only in the military can one man – the commanding officer – come so close to serving, or having his representatives serve, as prosecutor, jury and judge. Only in the military can an officer "order" citizens to cease exercising their constitutional rights; any civilian law officer who prevented a citizen from exercising his constitutional rights would be guilty of a federal offense.

Now that an enormous standing Army has become a seemingly permanent fixture in American society, some clearly defined civil rights for GI's – and more humane standards for treating soldiers who shouldn't be soldiers – are an urgent necessity. If the Presidio "mutiny" stirs Congress, or the Army, into action on these fronts, then perhaps Richard Bunch did not die in vain.

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Alexander M. Bickel: Robert Kennedy as History

Thirteen Days
by Robert F. Kennedy

(Norton; $5.50)

The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy
by David Halberstam

(Random House; $4.95)

85 Days
by Jules Witcover

(Putnam; $6.95)

Robert Kennedy: A Memoir
by Jack Newfield

(Dutton; $6.95)

We shall not soon tire of the legend of the murdered Kennedy brothers, the American Gracchi, born to wealth and privilege, who took up the cause of the downtrodden. It speaks to hopes and griefs that are commingled deep within our natures, to the youth of the human spirit and its foreboding of defeat. These books by and about Robert Kennedy feed the legend; but they make an excellent beginning as well toward the establishment, beyond the legend, of historical truth.

Thirteen Days – the counting of days in book titles to suggest the foreshortening of time is, not unnaturally, quite common in Kennedy literature; Schlesinger gave us *A Thousand Days*, Witcover gives us 85 – *Thirteen Days* is half book, half appendix. But the half that is book is from Robert Kennedy's own hand, the Cuban missile crisis recollected on lined note paper in 1967. Hence it is immediate, literally direct, the man without the intermediation of staff. As the story ends in success, the President, thinking of Lincoln, says to his brother, "This is the night I should go to the theater." Robert replies, "If you go, I want to go with you." The reader pauses long and painfully at this page. The passage is simple, unadorned, free of self-conscious dramatization. It is followed by an incisive, if all too brief, commentary on lessons learned: the importance of the President's access to diverse and conflicting opinions and advice, the astonishing narrow-mindedness of most of the military, the need to judge the consequences of our actions from the other country's point of view as well as our own.

Halberstam's and Newfield's books are discerning and not uncritical, but loving and in places lyrical evocations of the Robert Kennedy of 1968, as the authors knew him at close range, with forays – more substantial in Newfield's book than in Halberstam's – into the prior record. *85 Days* is all 1968, January to June, the course of indecisiveness and decision that brought Robert Kennedy into that year's Presidential politics, and the campaign. Witcover was there, apparently, as a working newspaperman day in day out, and his book is good, thorough reporting. It too is loving, for Witcover was close to Kennedy, but like Halberstam and Newfield, Witcover is faithful to his craft; he fights for objectivity.

In the winter of 1959-60, President-elect Kennedy would emerge every so often on the front stoop of his house in Georgetown to announce cabinet appointments to waiting reporters. Arthur Schlesinger tells the story that when the President-elect decided to make his brother Attorney General, and was asked how he would announce this appointment, he said, "Well, I think I'll open the front door of the Georgetown house some morning about 2:00 a.m., look up and down the street, and, if there's no one there, I'll whisper 'It's Bobby.'" The appointment did not promise to be well received, and it was not. Robert was perceived as a tough guy, insensitive, cruel, vindictive, clannish, summed up in a word which he never shook off and which continued ludicrously in use to the last days of his last campaign – ruthless. He was in especially bad odor with liberals, of course, because he had ridden with the Communist-hunters, and seemed addicted to self- and brother-serving expediency, with little scruple and no principle.

This image is not confirmed by Robert Kennedy's record as Attorney General. He began – this much was soon recognized – by staffing the Department superbly, and putting it powerfully to work in the enforcement of then-existing civil rights statutes. He did continue an all too loose policy, dating back at least twenty years, to the most distinguished of his modern

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predecessors, Robert H. Jackson, under which the FBI was permitted to conduct wiretaps and engage in other forms of electronic surveillance, and he somehow saw fit to authorize tapping the telephones of Martin Luther King, perhaps in a misguided effort to protect him from "bad" associates. But he also obtained passage of the Criminal Justice Act of 1964, which provides paid counsel for indigent defendants in federal criminal trials, and he initiated federal bail reform. These were not the actions of an unscrupulous "crime fighter."

Most signally, the positions Robert Kennedy took, according to his own testimony and that of others, in the Cuban missile crisis should have made whispering "It's Bobby" no longer necessary. The image of the expedient prosecutor did not account for the man who reports plainly and without art that he opposed bombing the missile sites in Cuba because the action would be "a surprise attack by a very large nation against a very small one. This, I said, could not be undertaken by the US if we were to maintain our moral position at home and around the globe. Our struggle against Communism throughout the world was far more than physical survival – it had as its essence our heritage and our ideals, and these we must not destroy." He was, if nothing else, a patriot. But much of what he did under his brother was not well or clearly known. Responsibility was blurred, initiatives and actions not easily identified or attributed.

He did begin to be seen differently and independently in his first couple of years in the Senate. Felix Frankfurter was fond of quoting one of the Asquith daughters (who married, I believe, a Rumanian princeling) as saying that people always do the same thing. It was becoming evident four and five years ago that this bit of general wisdom was not applicable to Robert Kennedy. Then in February 1966, Kennedy spoke out on Vietnam, not only questioning the enterprise but suggesting that no solution short of a coalition government would likely work. Under pressure from the White House, however, he followed up by wobbling. He was wary of directly confronting Lyndon Johnson, and concerned – very properly concerned – that Democratic Presidential politics might become a mere subplot in the absorbing public drama of a Kennedy-Johnson feud which would distort and in the end drown out all other themes and issues. He spoke again a year later, and then again, but still would not withdraw formal support from the President and leader of his party.

Nothing is clearer in these books than the agony Kennedy suffered late in 1967 and in the first three months of 1968, as he wrestled with the question whether to challenge Johnson, finding that every time he settled it, it would not stay settled. Kennedy's final decision to run was hardly the product of cold, self-regarding calculation. It was all but made before the New Hampshire primary, and somewhat oblique information to this effect was even conveyed to Senator McCarthy. Then came the primary, which showed not that Kennedy could win – it still seemed highly unlikely that a sitting President could be brought down – but that he could try to put himself at the head of a movement that would not play a secondary role to the drama of the Kennedy-Johnson feud. And so now, in the last 85 days of his life, the ultimate Robert Kennedy stood forth.

The Vietnam war, for which he explicitly accepted his share of responsibility, was in his view an error of moral dimensions. Who are we, Kennedy

The Stone

(for Jon)
She is the woman with the
black dress. She is fisting her
savings account dollar by

dollar from the pay teller's
window. He is happy for
her. He is smiling. He hears

her say she will buy a stove
for her husband. How nice, he
tells her. And in time to have

it delivered for Christmas.
How kind. How considerate.
The woman with the black dress

is crying now. She has gone
to the bank manager. She
is telling him of the stone,

that she has withdrawn her life
savings to buy a stone. A
stone for her husband. And if

others find their sport at her
expense, she would that they live
so long. The bank manager

is consoling her. He is
explaining the apparent
misunderstanding. He has

cradled his arms around her
like a good Santa Claus. He
is apologizing for

his employee's error. That
being Christmas it was not
at least in the wrong spirit.

HAROLD BOND

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burst out in the Senate shortly before he declared his candidacy, what sort of terrible Old Testament God are we "that we can decide in Washington, D.C., what cities, what towns, what hamlets in Vietnam are going to be destroyed?" Did we have the authority to fulfill a supposed commitment to the people of South Vietnam, whom we had scarcely consulted, by killing tens of thousands of them? As to our own national interest – did we have the right to pursue it in this fashion? "What we have been doing is not the answer, it is not suitable, and it is immoral, and intolerable to continue it."

At home, while Hubert Humphrey – it is almost too much to recall – was launching a politics of joy and happiness, Kennedy knew, as Disraeli wrote a century ago, that "by an ingenious application of some scientific acquirements [we have] established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." In Omaha, Nebraska, of all places, where he was running in the primary, he said to a group of students on May 31, 1968: "We cannot possibly go on as we are. Whether we can survive this century, that is the major question." And he told them: "You're the most exclusive minority in the world. Are you just going to sit on your duffs and do nothing or just carry signs and protest?" The audience was hostile, its questions fatuous. "Look around you," he exclaimed. "How many black faces do you see here, how many American Indians, how many Mexican Americans? The fact is, if you look at any regiment or division of paratroopers in Vietnam, 45 percent of them are black. How can you accept this?" And at Indiana, at a medical school, after he had talked about programs for the slums and for the poor, he was asked, wouldn't they cost money, and who would pay for them? He looked at that middle-class audience for a while – perhaps he looked at them ruthlessly – and then answered: "You."

He was of the world of American politics, not a creature of the more ideological politics of other times and other places, and so it was – in part because of his ethnic origins, his name, his religion, the Kennedy glamour – that he had access to the attention, the trust and loyalty of the two groups in the society that confront each other in an antagonism in which lies the country's greatest danger. These groups are, of course, the Negroes and the blue-collar urban whites, and with both Robert Kennedy had unique credit. It did not matter why, he had it. He had support elsewhere, to be sure, and he had many enemies, hard, emotional, irreconcilable, but his greatest gift to the country would have been the respite these two groups would have granted him to seek solutions that cannot at anyone's hands come quickly.

What would he have done? He didn't have the reflexes of a New Deal liberal, any more than does the generation that followed him. He was turning to an older and recently unfashionable strain in the American liberal tradition, which in modern times is identified with Louis D. Brandeis. "The great America for which we long," wrote Brandeis in 1920, "is unobtainable unless that individuality of communities becomes far more highly developed and becomes a common American phenomenon. For a century our growth has come through national expansion and the increase of the functions of the federal government. The growth of the future – at least of the immediate future – must be in quality and spiritual values. And that can come only through the concentrated, intensified striving of smaller groups. The field for special effort shall now be the state, the city, the village. . . ." Brandeis was talking about Black Power and White Power and participatory democracy. So did Robert Kennedy, and he had begun to work out concrete programs to induce and make room for the "special effort" of the "smaller group."

The Brandeisian phrase "special effort" is indeed a perfect fit for Robert Kennedy. It conveys the idealism, the teeth-gritting determination, perhaps also something of the rage to win. He was, as Newfield's book particularly shows, an inward person, passionate, mercurial, and he was not solemn – there was wit and gaiety in him as well as around him – but he was a serious man. He was making a very special effort when he was cut down.

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Her Will

When she dies suddenly
in a willed accident
(and such will be her end,
such her accomplishment),

"To my long silent-suffering loyal mate,"
she will have said, "who has supported me,
I will this lustful heart
that beats so strongly in adultery.

"And to that Gleaming One,
that over-careless giver,
my impulse-driven, ever riotous lover,
I dying will my liver."

Thus by transplanting she will be translated,
and after many years of indecision,
by reincorporation thus reanimated,
in death she will transcend her life's division.

KENNETH BURKE

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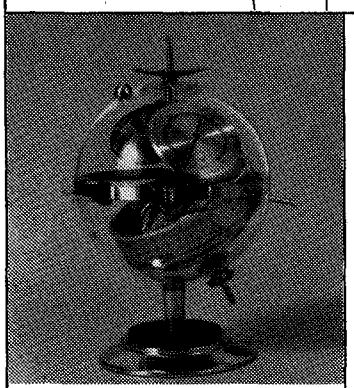
haverhill's



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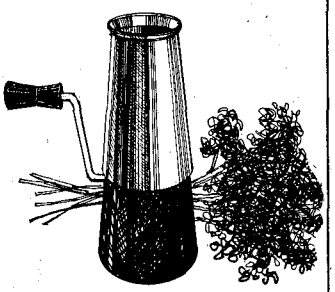

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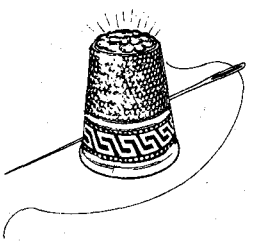

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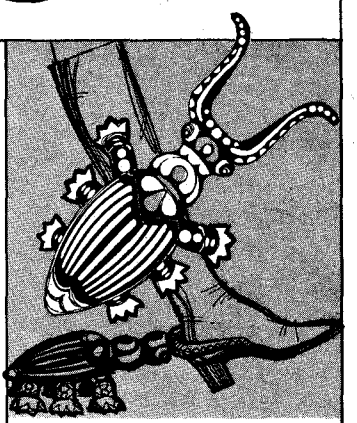

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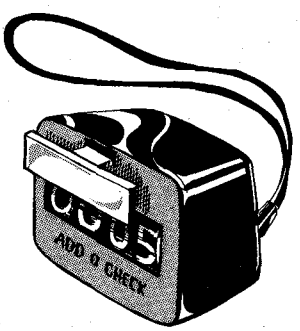
really fills the bill for bird watchers and girl watchers. This 10x (30mm) instrument comes with pistol-grip handle, adjustable table-top tripod, 360° panning head and even a car adapter for scenic drives. In soft case, with hand strap. **$25.75**



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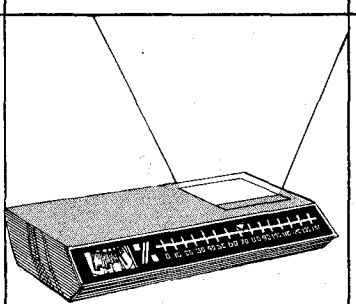

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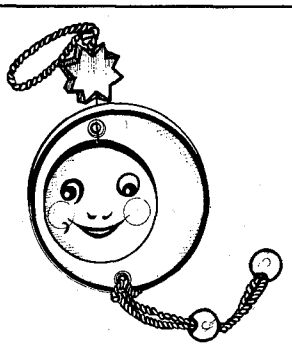

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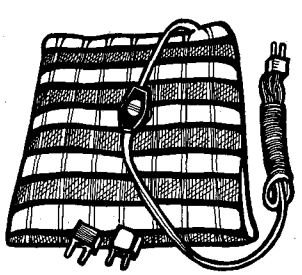

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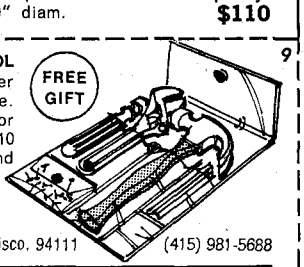

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James Finn: An Obsession with Failure

Collected Essays by Graham Greene

(Viking; $7.95)

Graham Greene was not fashioned for success; his heart lies elsewhere. In his novels, plays and short stories he has shown an interest in the seedy, the weak and the broken that goes beyond sympathy or compassion to become something more like collusion. Paradoxically their collusive interest in failure has been his real strength. For while it has sometimes introduced into his work both sentimentality and a helpless ambiguity it has also provided the firm emotional base on which his works rest.

Those who turn to the collected essays of Greene to learn something more about the man will not be wholly disappointed. Like brighton rock, Greene is Greene clear through, in whatever literary form he selects. The essays themselves are of surprising interest. At least they surprised me, for the number of writers whose workaday reviews can form, even when highly selected, a relatively cohesive and satisfying *oeuvre* is few and I had not thought that Greene would be among them. But these essays, selected from an output of over thirty years, are interesting on a number of counts.

There is, at the lowest level, the gradual accumulation of biographical information. In nonchronological order, there is Greene being pleased to learn that he has been mistaken about Kim Philby, with whom he has served in the Secret Service and to whom he had attributed a personal drive for power – "I am glad now that I was wrong. He was serving a cause and not himself, and so my old liking for him comes back . . ."; Greene seated next to Arnold Bennett and watching the first meeting between Edgar Wallace and Hugh Walpole; Greene being sued by Miss Shirley Temple; Greene writing a splendid send-up of Beatrix Potter ("Her case is curiously similar to Henry James. Something happened which shook their faith in appearance") and receiving from that good lady an acerbic note of correction; Greene attending a film lunch with Louis B. Mayer as the reigning orator; Greene arguing for the possibility of cooperation between Catholicism and Communism with Castro; Greene in the Congo; Greene having tea with Ho Chi Minh.

There are, in addition, sharp aperçus on life and literature that are of interest quite apart from the book or writer that provoked them. Greene writes, for example, "One cannot separate literature and life. If an age appears creatively, poetically empty, it is fair to assume that life too had its emptiness, was carried on at a lower, less passionate level," and almost immediately one tries to test this against the present age. And when he notes that "readers grow up and it is sad when an author does not grow up with them. Literature has no room for Peter Pans," we note the authors we have grown away from. And each of us will have his own reflections when he reads: "We needn't feel pity for any of the innocent, and as for the guilty we know in our hearts that they will live just as long as we do and no longer."

But such perceptions are of even more interest when we see them pressed into the service of a definitive judgment. Of Simone Weil's *Waiting on God* he writes that "love in these pages is only a universal love," and those who have read her works will acknowledge immediately the accuracy of that comment. Of the central character of *La Pharisienne* he writes, "She learns through hypocrisy. The hypocrite cannot live insulated forever against the beliefs she professes. There is irony but no satire in M. Mauriac's works." The summation is sure, complex and just. And in an appreciative note on Somerset Maugham: "Rob human beings of their heavenly and their infernal importance, and you rob your

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characters of their individuality. . . . It has never been Maugham's characters that we have remembered so much as the narrator, with his contempt for human life, his unhappy honesty."

In addition to such clear, strong evaluations of well-known writers, Greene offers discriminating but sympathetic analyses of minor figures and now forgotten or near-forgotten writers. He is especially good on writers like Kipling, John Buchan, A. E. W. Mason, Edgar Wallace. Greene mastered very early the form of the brief review and shaped it to his desire. But for all their merit, the chief interest of these reviews is the pressure of the personality behind them. There are certain themes which recur throughout, whether Greene is discussing writers on the level of James, Dickens and Mauriac or on the level of Charles Churchill and George Darley. "Every writer worth our consideration . . . is a victim: a man given over to an obsession." And that terrible gift is bestowed, he believes, in childhood. "There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in. . . . We should be thankful we cannot see the horrors and degradations lying around in our childhood, in cupboards and bookshelves, everywhere." That quotation is from *The Power and the Glory* but it is vintage Greene, and it intrudes itself in all of his writings with the force of a conviction that stems from deeply felt experience.

Like a good, persuasive critic Greene leads us to discuss his work in his own terms. Just as critics are tempted – and usually succumb – to write about James in subtle and involuted terms, about Eliot through highly refined analyses, about Norman Mailer in terms of the ring, one is tempted to adopt Greene's leads, to ask, What was the moment in his childhood when the door opened? What future entered in? Whatever happened to him in his early adolescence, it led him to a view of himself and mankind which has, if his memories are true, remained substantially unaltered. Not a flattering view, either of himself or his fellow man. In 1936 Greene wrote, "For to render the highest justice to corruption you must retain your innocence, you have to be conscious all the time within yourself of treachery to something valuable." Thirty-eight years later he wrote, " 'He betrayed his country.' – yes, perhaps he did, but who among us has not committed treason to someone or something more important than a country?" And through his novels, one becomes aware, the greatest threat his characters face is betrayal, their own betrayal of something more important than a country. To succeed at betrayal is to fail someone or something; to fail, finally, at betrayal is to remain open to redemption. But the interesting question, in considering Greene, is to ask why the betrayal is frequently more convincing than the redemption. Greene has said that he once began writing an account of his first twenty-five years. That account would be welcome, but it would not replace the acute observer who would view Greene's obsession from without, who would offer his own opinions for Greene's jaundiced view of success, his high investment in failure.

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Student Protest

Sirs:

I congratulate you for the sensible and sympathetic position you have been taking in respect to student protest and revolt on school and college campuses. May I comment on one or two points made in recent issues?

In your May 3rd editorial, you say in part, ". . . the independence and moral authority of scholars has not been won easily; but even in state universities it has been largely won . . ." I'm rather doubtful about either the independence or the moral authority. It is true that University Professors are rarely subject to the kind of gross political pressure that some of them knew under, say, Huey Long; I suspect that they are very strongly influenced by other kinds of pressures which are more subtly and invisibly applied. One of the leading men in the administration of a well-known private New England University told me not very long ago that their University could not cut out Government Research since a very substantial part of their operating budget, which they absolutely depended on, was derived from such research.

On the subject of moral authority, I personally agree very strongly with the position taken by such men as Noam Chomsky and James Ridgeway. . . . It is quite simply that the universities, which ought to be criticizing and guiding society, have in the main become its apologists and accomplices. Universities, under certain kinds of pressure, like to talk about themselves as if they were collections of disinterested scholars. This is simply untrue; they are heavily populated by careerists make-out artists of a new kind.

Later in that same editorial you say, "Public opinion . . . will tolerate, though it may not understand the widest exercise of free speech, press and assembly, but not physical assaults on persons or property in the name of revolution." I suppose you

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are right; but it tolerates and indeed welcomes these assaults under the name of practically anything else under the sun. An extraordinary amount of private property has been destroyed in the past few years by our society, and specifically by universities within it. We know how much poor peoples' housing has been destroyed by urban renewal and university expansion. . . .

Later on in your editorial of May 17th you say that if ". . . the universities are physically assaulted, they must defend their existence by using their powers to suspend or expel." This suggests, which I believe is not the case, that the very existence of the universities is threatened by the kind of assaults the students are making on them. This is not true, and I think we are unwise to talk and act as if it were. The point of the students' attacks is exactly the same as the point of workers' strikes; they are trying to apply enough pressure on the university to make it again, usually for the first time, listen and talk seriously to the students about what they want. I spent this winter quarter on the Berkeley Campus and I do not agree with you at all that the tactics of the students were unwise or that they are only losing from what they are doing. I heard one veteran professor there say that the university did things the way it did because it was comfortable, and that they were not about to change in order to accommodate students. The student's quite natural and sensible reply is that the faculty may find it easier and more comfortable to live with the kind of reforms that the students are demanding than with the kind of social and political consequences which will flow from their resistance. There are probably already at Berkeley a good many faculty who are beginning to wonder whether it might not be better to have a Third World College on the campus than half of the Alamada County Police Force. Again, I think the students could learn a great deal from Gandhi about when to apply the heat and when to take it off, but they are right in feeling that heat is what they must use. . . .

Although I am ordinarily sympathetic to much of what Mr. Eric Bentley has to say, I altogether disagree with his remark (May 17) that ". . . up to now the student left has failed to understand university education and maybe all education." I think they understand this very much better than their professors. I think his later comment that to open, as the militants demand, Columbia University to black residents of the surrounding community would turn the University into a community college, "modestly continuing the work of the high school at the end of the block," is so obtuse and silly as to deserve no comment. In fact, there is no inherent reason why a university any more than a theater, concert hall or library would judge which of those wanting to use its services are or are not "good enough" to do so. Institutional vanity and nothing more has put our colleges and universities into this position. Columbia wants to be able to proclaim to the world that it is "better" then other institutions, and the proof is that it is "harder" to get in. This might be nice for Columbia, but it has nothing to do with education. There is in fact no inherent necessary reason why any educational institution should not be open to anyone who wants to make use of it. If it turns out that a particular student is not able to profit from what the university has to offer, let him make that judgment – just as I, and not the Boston Public Library or the Boston Symphony Orchestra judge whether I can make good use of their books or music. . . .

In sum, I do not know and cannot imagine a teacher worthy of the name who would say to a student who wanted to learn from him, "you are not fit, you are not good enough to learn from me." The adoption of open admission policies would cause such people to leave Columbia or any other university, and they would be better for their leaving.

John Holt
Boston, Mass.

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COMING:

Lawrence Graver

reviews

John Lehmann's

In My Own Time: Memoirs of a Literary Life

Our Mistake

Sirs:

The printing of my review of Baker's Hemingway biography contained a regrettable number of errors (omissions and typos) that are impossible to correct without reprinting unfeasibly large excerpts. But I would like to correct two factual mistakes: Mr. Baker perused, as I originally wrote, some 5,000, not 2,000 letters; and the quotation from the end of *The Sun Also Rises* has, of course, been rearranged

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL *is professor of law at Yale and a contributing editor of* The New Republic. JAMES FINN *recently edited* A Conflict of Loyalties: The Case for Selective Conscientious Objection.

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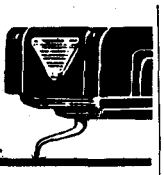

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to make it fit more neatly into the context of my own prose. This fact was indictated by brackets that unfortunately disappeared.

Charles Thomas Samuels

ABM Construction

Sirs:

The papers here carried a story recently which said that North Dakota Highway Department had been given the authorization to spend $75,000 of taxpayers money on preliminary engineering for the proposed ABM construction in this state.

It seems highly incongruous for this money to be used when Congress has not yet approved the deployment of the ABM system. This also contradicts the statements that Secretary Packard made during his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee – namely that money will not be expended on the ABM sites until Congress voted on the pending appropriations bill.

Tom Davidson
Fargo, N.D.

Poseidon's Purpose

Sirs:

I read Ralph Lapp's article with great interest ("The Vicious Acronyms," June 21). I have only one comment, so far as the first-strike MIRV question is concerned. I believe the Administration is on record to the effect that Poseidon is a potential first-strike weapon too: on page 32 of Laird's 19 March statement before the Senate Armed Services Committee he says "this [improved guidance system for the Poseidon] is an important program since it promises to improve significantly the accuracy of the Poseidon missile, *thus enhancing its effectiveness* against hard targets."

Not much question there about the intended use of Poseidon.

Thomas A. Halsted
National Director
Council for a Livable World

New Literary Editor

As of July 1, Reed Whittemore will succeed Richard Gilman as *The New Republic's* Literary Editor.

A former Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress (1964-65), Mr. Whittemore is Professor of English at the University of Maryland and the author of seven books of poetry and essays, including *From Zero to the Absolute* (1967) and *Poems, New and Selected* (1967). He previously edited two literary magazines, *Furioso* and *The Carleton Miscellany*.

Deborah Field, who recently joined the staff of *The New Republic*, will assist Mr. Whittemore. Miss Field was formerly an assistant editor in the College Department of Charles Scribner's Sons, and an editor of Library of Congress publications.

All manuscripts, books for review, and other relevant materials or inquiries should be sent to the Literary Editor, 1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

Printed by Merkle Press, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

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1776 federal employees have told the government that they are against the anti-ballistic missile system.

To the Congress of the United States

We, the undersigned employees of the Federal Government, strongly oppose the deployment of the anti-ballistic missile system (ABM).

There is no convincing evidence that the ABM system will reduce the threat of nuclear destruction; instead, its construction may well accelerate the nuclear arms race, making eventual disarmament impossible. The Administration has failed to rebut the considerable body of evidence developed within the scientific community indicating that this system is of doubtful reliability and utility and is not necessary to defend the United States from nuclear attack. There is a danger that the military-industrial complex is urging deployment of the ABM system to serve its own interests rather than the national welfare. This is the type of danger against which President Eisenhower warned.

We call upon Congress to begin to shift the nation's resources from the machinery of war to the solution of complex domestic social problems. We believe that poverty, hunger, racial tension, crime, and environmental pollution are the most serious and immediate threats to our national security.

1776 Federal employees have signed this statement. If you agree with it, please show your support by sending the statements below to your Senators, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. Please send contributions to:

Federal Employees for a Democratic Society
P.O. Box 9075, Washington, D.C. 20003

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I agree in substance with the FEDS statement submitted to Congress and urge that you vote against the ABM.

name _____

address _____

_____

Dear Senator _____

I agree in substance with the FEDS statement submitted to Congress and urge that you vote against the ABM.

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